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JANUARY 1960

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the Throne." Rev. xi. 19 : iv. 4, 10.

THE PANACEA SOCIETY
BEDFORD, ENGLAND

Contemporary Review

January 1960

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CONTRIBUTIONS will be considered for publication and should be addressed to the Editor, Contemporary Review, 46 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2, England.

CONTEMPORARY COMMENTARY

A series of monthly contributions sponsored by the Unservile State Group

The debate on Radical Union, raised by a member of the Group, Jo Grimond, M.P., in a speech in Kirkwall on October 9, 1959, and continued by Philip Skelsey in last month's issue of the Contemporary Review, is resumed here by Professor Michael Fogarty, who joined the Liberal Party in 1958 after 23 years in the Labour Party—and by John Thomson, a Manchester Radical, in a letter to the editor.

THE EDUCATIONAL STATE

BY MICHAEL P. FOGARTY

Professor of Industrial Relations, University College, Cardiff

A Welsh Nationalist, so that fiery apostle Saunders Lewis once said, is a man who hates Wales—as it is now. After 23 years of carrying a Labour Party card I feel the same about that Party. A Labour Party supporter, so far as I am concerned, is a man who hates the Labour Party as it is now, and I would like to explain why. Let us leave the Bomb out of it. This argument is about home policy, and in particular about the Welfare State. There are still benighted remnants in this country who think the Welfare State a disaster. Let us leave them to die off quietly.

But as the years have gone by it has become obvious that there are two quite different approaches to the way a Welfare State is to be run. One is to make it an Executive State, whose success is measured by the services that it provides for the citizens. Or it can be an Educational State, whose test is the services that it helps the citizens to provide for themselves. One road leads to State socialism, the other to co-operation: one to the Responsible Society, the other to the Managerial Revolution. Elliott Dodds, in *The Unservile State* (p. 19), quotes Lord Beveridge's similar distinction between a *Welfare Society* and a *Welfare State*. My thesis is that when the Welfare State was being shaped we chose the wrong Executive road, and that our aim in the next few years should be to switch the lines again in the right direction of the Educational State.

The Educational State is already, of course, part of our national tradition. If you want to see it at work, look at the Ministry of Labour. Ministers of Labour do not have any delusion that they run industrial relations, or ought to run them. If they did, plenty of people would quickly put them right. The Ministry's job is to seek out the responsible parties to industrial relations—the unions, employers' associations and managers of individual firms—and to help them to reach decisions that serve both

their own interest and the public's. The Ministry advises, informs, conciliates, in a word educates. Only in the last resort does it step in, as an agent of the Executive State, with an order under, say, the Wages Councils Acts.

I remember being struck with another example of the Educational State in the time of the last Labour Government. The Ministry of Education published a report on its work in the first half of the twentieth century. A foreign reader might be surprised, wrote the Minister in his introduction, to note that there was no chapter on the curriculum of the State schools. This did not of course mean, he said, that the Ministry took no interest in the curriculum. On the contrary: it was concerned all the time to promote research, discussion and the exchange of ideas through H.M. Inspectors and otherwise. But teachers were responsible people, and schools responsible institutions with a life of their own. The Ministry could do more to get the right decisions made on the curriculum, in the public interest as well as in that of the pupils of each school, by educating the educators than by dictating to them.

I doubt if many of us would disagree that the right policy is thus to educate the educators, or with the same principle as applied to industrial relations. The Executive State is sometimes defended as a way of enforcing respect for the common good. But will anyone seriously argue that the common good, let alone the good of the people immediately concerned, would be better served if the Ministry of Education dictated the curriculum or the Ministry of Labour wages and hours? The Educational State can and in these cases does promote a responsible society in which citizens solve their problems, subject to the error and imperfection of all human affairs, to suit the common good as well as their own.

But though we have the Educational State in our tradition, in the first half of this century we moved mainly towards the Executive State. We could have run our public housing schemes on the Swedish model, through co-operatives, with a "daughter" co-operative, run by the tenants, for each estate or block of flats, and a "mother" co-operative, a wholesale society, supplying architectural, building, and legal services to a group of "daughters". But we chose instead the road of local authority housing, in which tenants normally have no responsibility. We could have had co-operative health centres, on the lines of the Pioneer Health Centre at Peckham. But Aneurin Bevan chose to strangle the Peckham Experiment instead. We could have pressed for co-operative, occupational, pension schemes, set up through collective bargaining, but chose instead to concentrate on the State pension; the demand for occupational schemes has since been proved by the way they have come bubbling up on their own. We pay family allowances, which increase the free spending-power at families' disposal. But what is significant, when British family allowances are compared with those in other European countries, is how small a proportion this free spending money makes up of what comes to families from the State, and how much is given in kind. We prefer to do things *for* the family, where others help to get them done *by* the family. We

admit with an ill grace, because it is politically too difficult to do anything else, the existence alongside the State schools of Church and Trust (direct grant and "public") schools. But in an Educational State there would have been no ill grace to it. We would have applied that admirable principle of Dutch school policy, "the voluntary school is the rule, the State school the exception." We have tightened the hold of central over local government till local government has become a laughing-stock, and pay only lip service (as witness recent debates on education or local finance) to the idea that we might shift the balance back the other way. In industrial relations the Executive State has gone much less far than in the social services. But in many parts of the Labour Movement, when anything goes wrong in an industry, the cry goes up at once for nationalization or State controls. In an Educational State the first thought would have been for ways of bringing together the people in that industry to work out their problems responsibly on their own.

Thanks to this accent on the Executive State, our Welfare State has gone off at half-cock: it has been only half the success it might have been. It has, of course, been half a success: that much must be insisted on, against those who deny that the Welfare State has had any success at all. Rowntree and Lavers made the essential point in their *Poverty and the Welfare State* in 1951. From 1936 to 1950 the proportion of working-class people in York who were living below a defined poverty line fell from 31 per cent to between two and three per cent; 90-odd per cent of the difference was due to Welfare State measures, including full employment as well as subsidies and social services. Add the less measurable effects of the National Health Service and the advance of education, and there can be no question that the Welfare State has served us well.

One of the myths of the Welfare State is that State social services are financed out of redistributive taxes, or at least out of taxes adjusted to ability to pay. But in fact all the taxes related to ability to pay are needed to pay for those services, such as defence, which would have to be supplied by the Government even in an Educational State. The social services which an Educational State might help people to provide for themselves are financed in our present Executive State out of taxes, such as purchase tax, customs duties, the taxes on tobacco, beer or petrol, or local rates, which are related, if anything, to lack of ability to pay. The bigger your family, the less far your income will stretch. But a bigger family needs a bigger house, so up go your rates. Purchase tax has no particular relation to any rational criterion, except that the Exchequer needs money and purchase tax brings it in. It is very nearly as irrational as the turnover taxes in the U.S.S.R. and its satellites, which is saying a great deal. The bill met through these regressive or capricious taxes is a heavy one. Colin Clark estimated it for 1953-4 at £1 a week per head of the working class population.

Benefits from Executive State services also often bear only a chance relation to needs. Sometimes the discrepancy is merely irritating. The last time a stopping came out of a tooth I happened to be on the way to

Ireland, which has only half a Welfare State: so I got it fixed next day instead of in three weeks on National Health. The rent control chaos is a much more serious example. What house you occupy and what rent you pay has depended since 1939 to some limited extent on need. But it has depended even more on whether you were living with your grandmother when she died; whether the old lady's tenancy went back to 1914 or she was misguided enough to move in 1935; on whether you stuck like a limpet to the town of your birth or (a crime that may cost several years' loss of housing seniority) had followed your job elsewhere; or on the rents of houses that neither you nor your grandmother had ever occupied or wished to occupy, and which are in any case now demolished, but whose memory still colours the city elders' view of what rents are right and proper. The life of an old age pensioner has for years been one fiddle after another: fiddles over bungalows, hostels, bus fares and, till recently, tobacco, over pension cuts for the crime of working, or, in the sphere of private enterprise, over cinema tickets or the chance of getting your dress cleaned free if you hit the right day in Cardiff High Street. But I do not, as I say, attach great importance to these economic muddles, because in part at least they could be cleared up even within the framework of an Executive State. A straightforward percentage levy on wage and salary bills, for example, and a straight social security tax, would be a far fairer as well as simpler way of raising money for the social services than the present chaos of purchase taxes, rates and the rest, and would be quite consistent with continuing the Executive State approach.

The great fault of the Executive State is of quite another kind. It is its failure to admit that man does not live by bread alone. The standard of living is not just material. Responsibility and participation belong to it as well. And I use deliberately the title of Dudintsev's novel, *Not by Bread Alone*, for the battle he describes is common to East and West. We too, like Dudintsev's hero, have seen Socialists concentrating on the economic sub-structure of welfare, and setting up an Executive State as the quickest way—or so at least they thought—to provide for it. And we too are beginning to revolt. For we in our turn begin to see how much we have lost by neglecting other, less material aspects of human personality.

I do not blame anyone—or at least blame them much—for concentrating so heavily on material welfare a generation ago, when the ideas of our present Executive State were taking their final shape. The material problems then were urgent. The unemployed man had to be found a job, never mind how; the doctor had to be got to the sick without delay. Many people did not stop to ask about ways and means. But today awareness of what we missed by choosing the Executive State road is flooding in on all sides. If you are ill, you want someone to look after you and take the responsibility from you: the National Health Service will do this for you perfectly well. But if you want to avoid becoming ill, you must look after your mental as well as your physical health, for each depends on the other: and mental health depends greatly on taking one's own responsibilities. As the authors of the Peckham Experiment used to emphasize, the

fact that the members of that co-operative health centre had to take the initiative of joining, and of putting their hand in their pocket for the subscription, was itself an act of responsibility that helped to build up positive health. Alcoholics Anonymous or the rehabilitation units that brought recovery to many ex-prisoners of the second world war could tell the same story: the way to mental and, through it, physical health, lies through working out your problems co-operatively, with other people like yourself. The way to keep old age pensioners going, we have found, is not by doling out tobacco coupons or cheap houses. It is by giving them an active life to lead, a normal amount of money to spend, and a chance to carry their responsibilities for themselves.

Social caseworkers have learnt the same lesson. There was a time when families were treated as collections of individuals in need of assistance, each with his or her own problems. But now the accent is rather on the family as a group, a going concern, carrying co-operatively its own responsibilities. Only in so far as the family does thus act as a responsible and co-operative unit is individual aid likely to be fruitful. Housing tells the same story. We have built on our new housing estates a "bureaucratic environment", superbly engineered but socially dead. I do not deny that the new estates have some social as well as material advantages, such as the lesser prevalence of grandmothers. But what strikes you most about them is their lack of social life. And one main reason is that their people have no lot nor part in setting them up, running them, or even deciding to which estate they are to go.

Schools? If one thing has emerged clearly from recent debates on early leaving or early and wrong specialization, it is that the biggest problem in education today is not schools, nor finance, but the irresponsible parent. Why do a third of the boys in boys' grammar schools and up to two-thirds of the pupils in girls' or mixed schools plunge into specialization by age 14+, and what is more the wrong specialization? My own university has places standing empty in the faculties, such as engineering or metallurgy, which everyone knows should be growing fast, yet at the same time is turning away arts applicants in droves. Blame the teachers if you like, or the Government; but in the last resort it is parents who should have come down on the teachers like a ton of bricks when their children's careers were mishandled this way, and who have it in their power to make Governments or break them. And if you ask why the Report on Early Leaving showed that 44 per cent of professional men's children who enter grammar schools stay on to the sixth form, but only seven per cent of the children of unskilled workers, the answer again goes straight back to parents. The next great step in educational advance is to train the responsible parent: the father and mother who know what their children need, and will stand no nonsense from teachers or local authorities till they get it.

In management there is again the same story. In the heyday of the Executive State, or if you like of the Managerial Revolution, we used to draw organization charts from the top down. At the top was the managing

director, a fine, free, sort of character whose mind was supposed to range widely and actively, and who took most of the more interesting decisions. Below him were department managers, carrying out his orders but still with a wide margin of discretion. Below them again came, with a steadily narrowing margin of responsibility, supervisors and craftsmen. Last of all came what *Engineering* once happily described as the "machine-man", paid, not to think, but simply to execute what the wisdom of his foremen and masters prescribed. This system of dictatorship and irresponsibility, as we all know, has proved something less than perfect from the point of view alike of productivity and of the development—the only and final aim of any human activity, including production—of human personality. Today therefore we tend to think of organization charts the other way up. We begin with the man on the floor or at the production face. How big is this man? What responsibilities can he carry to his own and the community's advantage? Having assigned him all the responsibilities he can take, we find certain tasks left over. Back we go to the supervisor, and repeat the process; he too is assigned as big a slice of these remaining responsibilities as he can take. And so on back to the managing director, who on this system quickly achieves the final, conclusive proof of good management: he can put his feet on the table. Or he can devote himself, as Joan Woodward so happily put it the other day, to those ritual duties which are necessary to the life of any continuing organization. The traditional, executive system of management piled upon the shoulders of top managers vast responsibilities and splendid opportunities of personal development, but for the rank and file cut these opportunities below all reasonable limits. We are learning today that a responsible society must, in the interests of personal development and even of productivity, learn to share its chances of participation and responsibility more evenly.

Why then, if responsibility and participation are so important, did we in the last generation choose the road of the Executive instead of the Educational State? The answer can be summed up in three words: emergency, poverty and irresponsibility. Much of our Welfare State machinery was installed, when it came to the point, in a tremendous hurry, and with not too much preliminary consideration of ways to run it. When publicly-supported housing came in on a big scale, after the 1914-1918 war, there were one or two promising co-operative societies about, notably at Bournville. But co-operative procedures were comparatively little known, whereas local authorities were available everywhere: municipal housing seemed the easy way out. The Beveridge reforms in social insurance came forward during the second war, when the Executive State was in any case in high, and in this case justified, favour for winning the war. They too were installed in a hurry, and the methods of the Executive State came easiest to hand. As for the nationalized industries, their organization, as Emmanuel Shinwell (who should know) once remarked, would probably have been very different if anyone had stopped to think about it in advance.

Much of our Welfare State, also, bears the stamp of poverty. It was built to help people who could not help themselves. This can easily be

put into figures. Take, in 1960, a man earning, say, £10 a week, who has a growing family—three children, say, of secondary school age—and living in a council house. Let us suppose that the family has a normal health record. Such a family would be drawing from the State and local authorities, in cash and kind, about £8 a week over and above the father's wage. This figure does not include any allowance for income tax reliefs or rent rebates. What is more, a family like that needs every penny of its extra £8, and more, to keep up a decent standard of life. Clearly it is quite unpractical to expect the man with £10 a week to carry his own responsibilities unless he is helped very substantially towards doing so.

The irresponsibility that has led to our preference for the Executive State is of two kinds, individual (or, rather, family) and social. When compulsory primary education was first introduced, back in the nineteenth century, would all parents have sent their children to school without the attentions of the school attendance officer, that is without the Executive intervention of the State? Did they feel enough "individual" responsibility? The answer was certainly "no". Read the Early Leaving Report and you will see that the answer to a similar question is not too favourable even today. As for social irresponsibility, would the pits grouped under the National Coal Board or the hospitals in the National Health Service have worked together so readily in the public interest had it not been for the strong hand of the State? Those, at any rate, who set up the Coal Board and the Health Service did not think they would.

If we are to make our Welfare State in future Educational rather than Executive, we have to show how these three difficulties of poverty, emergency and irresponsibility can be overcome. The case of emergency is the easiest, for all that is needed there is to take thought in time. No one would suggest abolishing the Executive State overnight. A transition will be needed, spread over years. We have only to avoid the mistake of foolish virgins who, like Shinwell when he was Minister of Mines, let events run faster than their thoughts.

Poverty also can be dealt with quite straightforwardly. We have only to make up our minds what we want. If we want the Executive State, we shall go on making up people's standard of living directly with State services in kind. But if we want an Educational State, we shall concentrate instead on putting into their pockets the money with which to provide services for themselves. To do this we need to think in terms of three main groups:

(1) *The old age pensioners.* The Labour Party has proposed half-pay on retirement. That is good, but (even apart from the many faults in the scheme itself) not good enough. In my own profession, whose occupational scheme is at present being reviewed, I am certain that we shall not be content with less than 60-70 per cent, plus a guarantee that pensions shall keep pace with the rise of salaries after the date of retirement. In the end we should aim at 80 per cent. Once we could rely on old people dying quickly and quietly away. They were inactive, and their furniture and even their clothes would last their lives. Today, happily, even old people

live, and live long. Their pension should be high enough to let them do it.

(2) *Families with children.* The man whom I quoted just now as drawing £8 or so a week in, mainly, State services in kind for a family with three children could quite easily be given the same, or more, money in cash, and take the responsibility of paying the school bills and buying health insurance himself. Try it this way, which is (very roughly) actuarially sound:

weekly wage	210s.	} These figures could (in fact should) be made variable with income.
weekly payment to a family savings scheme	30s.	
family allowance payable per child	60s.	
take-home pay with:					
0 children	£9	
3 children	£18	
6 children	£27	

If we really mean to give families the means to pay their own bills and take their own responsibilities, here is something like the way to do it.

(3) *Other non-earners.* The general level of social insurance benefits has remained about the same in relation to earnings since Lloyd George started the whole business in 1909-11: and it is a miserable level, around 25-35 per cent (for a married man) of average wages. A Dutchman who is unemployed may get four-fifths of his normal earnings. We should not be satisfied with less.

The financial implications of these proposals are less terrifying than appears at first sight. A pension scheme based on the accumulation of capital (the Labour Party scheme is only partly so based, which is one of its defects) adds in the long run far more to the national income than the pensioners themselves draw out. In this country, roughly, to the investment of £3 of capital corresponds an increase of £1 in the national income. I happen to belong to a funded pension scheme, and reckon that by the time I retire the capital standing in my name will be so big that the country could pay me 100 per cent of my salary till death, and still make a handsome profit. Increased family allowances would be largely in substitution for other kinds of expenditure, not in addition to them. When families are given the cash to pay their own bills, the State can stop paying out for school fees, housing subsidies, or National Health. Citizens then have more to pay in premiums to family allowance funds, but, with the reduction in State services, less to pay in general taxation. It is chiefly the rise in social insurance benefits paid out of current income that would impose a net long-term charge on the country, and I do not see that that need be unbearable.

There remains the question of irresponsibility; and here is the real issue. I was a member of the Labour Party for nearly a quarter of a century, and one thing has been borne in on me over this time more than any other. I mean the contempt of most of the active members of the Party for ordinary people: their conviction that their neighbours do not know how to act even in their own interests, let alone in those of the community. Is there theology in it? My own Church needs no convincing of the importance of original sin. We do not expect perfection in any human

affairs, however skilfully planned. But we also believe that human nature is fundamentally sound and capable of good judgment; and what human nature can do by itself is completed by the grace of God. Even if with qualifications, we are optimists about ordinary, average men and women. But the Christian tradition also contains a darker, more pessimistic strain, a belief in the fundamental corruption of human nature: and Christians of that strain, historically, played a large part in the rise of the Labour movement. Or is the point simply that those who belong to what Dudintsev calls the Collective—we would say the Gang—cannot or will not believe in the value and integrity and possibilities of the ordinary people outside their particular clique? I leave others to sort out the explanation: the fact, at any rate, is clear. The coals-in-the-bath argument used to come chiefly from the Blimps—or more usually the Mrs. Blimps—the true-blue defenders of things past. But nowadays I get it again and again, when I go around the country arguing about the Educational State, from honest, solid, holders of Labour Party cards. They just cannot see that the basic idea of a responsible society is possible; that ordinary men and women can be brought to house themselves or look after their health or educate their children responsibly, in a way that meets community needs as well as their own. Their attitude to the people is contempt.

But are they right? Let me take first the question of individual or family responsibility. One might, I think, answer the pessimists along four lines. First, individual responsibility is a thing that can be and has been taught. We have still a problem of early leaving from our schools, but there is infinitely less of it—far fewer neglectful parents—than when the modern educational system began, and it is still diminishing. A couple of years ago, living in a typical Middle West town, I was immensely impressed with the effort that ordinary, working class American parents would put out to keep their children in school and college far beyond compulsory school age, and this without benefit of State or local authority grants. It was the thing to do; public opinion was behind it, and parents had been educated up to their responsibilities. We too can create an atmosphere of that kind, and indeed have already made a good beginning towards doing so.

Secondly, it cannot fail to strike anyone who studies our Welfare State that the Executive State approach has penetrated least far into fields like industrial relations, and farthest of all into fields like schooling, or health, or housing, that touch directly the family and neighbourhood. The reason for the difference is obvious. In industrial relations there are powerful and responsible organizations which can train their members for responsibility, help them to settle their problems for themselves, and beat off attempts to impose an Executive State. In the case of the family and neighbourhood, on the other hand, such organizations are at best under-developed and often do not exist at all. But there is no reason why this state of affairs should go on. Britain in this case is lagging behind the rest of the world. In other countries family movements or rural life or community movements are springing up on all sides to do for families the jobs of training and

problem-solving and defence that our own trade unions have long done for industrial workers. We have some useful beginnings in Britain: we need to build on them fast.

Thirdly, the Educational State need not give up all means of more direct pressure on the irresponsible. There will always be a place for the R.S.P.C.C. and the Courts. Often also the best way for people to provide a service for themselves will be through collective, though not State, action: in such cases the irresponsible individual is automatically kept in line. So for instance the obvious way to provide pensions, or industrial injury benefit, or unemployment benefit—only I would prefer to call it waiting money, like the Dutch, under a guaranteed annual wage scheme—is through collective bargaining, which automatically covers all in a given firm or industry. And to whip in laggards in any type of social insurance we can use devices like the one applied in my own profession's super-annuation scheme. When you enter the scheme, you are presented with a fat Grey Book containing 57 varieties of policy (or is it more?). It is your responsibility to pick the policy that suits your particular family needs. But you must pick *a* policy: there is compulsion to the extent that you must be insured one way or another. This principle is also, of course, applied already in education. Parents can choose any school the State makes, or leaves, it possible for them to afford, or no school at all: but they must in one way or another ensure that their child gets *a* legally satisfactory education.

Fourthly, in the last resort, if my neighbour wants to keep coals in his bath, let him. We need expect no more scandals that way under an Educational State than we get under the Executive State now. People tend sometimes to compare the possible anomalies of a responsible society with an idealized picture of the Executive State. A little study of the Executive State as it actually works soon puts the perspective right.

There remains the question of "social" irresponsibility. Does the Educational State mean demolishing that co-ordination of services which has been built up, within limits, in for example the National Health Service? Not for any reason that I can think of. The method of co-ordination will certainly have to be changed. If, for instance, schools and hospitals can in future get their finance direct from customers, or from customers' insurance, there will be no more need for financial control by Ministries over hospital committees or local authorities, or by local authorities over individual schools. And a very good thing too, for nothing will do more than financial independence to give these institutions independent life and responsibility. It might also give the employees of some of them, at present elamped down by the Executive State, the chance of bargaining for a decent wage. The problems of local finance and of the independence of local government will cease to exist once parents are given the cash to pay their rents and, above all, their school bills. But though financial control can be discontinued, it will still be open to Ministries to advise and initiate, to promote co-operation and the exchange of ideas, in short to *educate* the people working in each field in

the needs of public policy. If anyone doubts whether co-ordination of that kind can be effective, let him look up the experimental schemes initiated by the Nuffield Trust, before National Health, to co-ordinate the hospitals in selected areas. I suspect that he will find that co-ordination was more effective, not less, because it was on a voluntary footing unaccompanied by threats. Or, of course, look at the current examples I have quoted of the Ministries of Labour and (in relation to the curriculum) of Education. The rise of family movements should also, like that of trade unions or employers' associations in industry, help to promote responsible co-operation under the State's lead.

Even an Educational State will have financial and legal as well as educational means of making its influence felt. Voluntary health insurance is easy—so long as people are allowed to have money in their pockets to pay for it—for such things as accidents, operations up to a fixed ceiling of cost, or hospitalization up to, say, a year. But there are also uninsurable risks of prolonged illness, or mental disease, perhaps even maternity. Here State aid may be needed, and the State has a lever for bargaining. In universities, research costs could not fairly be charged to undergraduates' fees, even if their parents had the money. Here too the State has to provide, and so gets a leverage. Local authorities need new legal powers from time to time; here again is room for bargaining. A local authority can be required to provide a service even in an Educational State, just as an individual can be required to insure. The State need never lack the means of driving subordinate social groups as well as leading. But it is true that in an Educational State the balance between leading and driving will have to shift sharply in favour of the former. I should expect efficiency to gain rather than lose as a result.

But, finally, are we likely to get an Educational State in this country? Not for some time, I think: and that brings me back to what I said originally about the Labour Party. British politics today presents on one side a dilapidated proletarian in the boots of Keir Hardie and the bustle of Beatrice Webb, an unawakened Rip van Winkle still dreaming of the Executive State; and on the other a suicidal maniac barring the gates of our island paradise with a flaming bomb. It is mass nationalization or mass murder. If it comes to the choice, I suppose I would sooner be alive though nationalized than incinerated and free. But I would much sooner not have to make the choice at all. I am one of the people in both main parties whose instinct for the next election is to look round for a Liberal, or, so long as I stay where I am now, a Welsh Nationalist. Let us not forget the Nationalists, for the Welsh Party has a better idea than any other in Britain of what is meant by an Educational State. Some people, they used to say, would vote for a sack of potatoes so long as it was labelled Labour or Tory. I would vote for one today so long as it was labelled anything (bar Communist or Fascist) else. I know that the Labour Party is moving slowly towards the Educational State; anyone who has followed its successive policy pamphlets can see as much. But it is only half-way there, if so much. And not until it goes all the way will it regain, in home affairs, the initiative that it had 15 or 20 years ago.

A NEW POPULAR FRONT?

Sir,

The result of the 1959 General Election should have a sobering effect upon all those who think of themselves as "progressives"; 360,838 more people preferred the Opposition to the Government. Yet the result showed a Conservative majority of 100 seats, backed by only 49 per cent of the voters. The Liberals had some fine individual results, but there was no change in Liberal representation.

There is little evidence upon which to condemn the new Government, *except the record of its leaders*. The men of Suez, Cyprus, Hola and Nyasaland are still with us. There remains nothing to suggest a change of heart concerning the basic issues in Africa and Asia. Above all, there is no evidence that the Conservatives will do anything but tinker with the dangerous *status quo* in industry. Theirs is a philosophy completely at variance with the spirit of service that animates both the Liberal and the Labour movements.

How can we change this state of affairs? Those who seek a party alliance are apt to overlook the present stage of development of the progressive parties. Labour, with its faith in central planning and its long history of working-class identification, cannot meet the Liberals. The Liberals, for their part, cannot deface their constitution, and cannot turn their backs upon distributism.

The following proposals are a series of points which could be pressed home by the radicals and reformers in both parties. The ideas are not necessarily new. The aim of these proposals is not political novelty, but the creation of an area where "joint action" is possible, and an atmosphere which might eventually lead to a radical reunion.

Individual Liberals could:

1. Press for a "co-operative" system to administer the proposed co-ownership schemes. Such a system to work upon the following lines:

(a) Administrative boards to be elected in each firm for a term of three years. Separate ballot of trade union members (where applicable), shareholders (that is pre-co-ownership shareholders) and of all employees of over 12 months' service. Duties: day-to-day administration of share scheme, liaison with management and shop stewards, publicity regarding output, workers' share of ownership, etc.

(b) National boards elected on the same principle in each industry, but with consumer-representatives. Duties would be to supervise local boards and liaise with the Government. All disputes would be referred to the National Board who would consult with the unions involved.

(c) The Government to set out model schemes of co-ownership as Schedules to the Act or Acts paving the way for co-ownership.

(d) Compulsory co-ownership where firms (or groups) are convicted by the Restrictive Practices Court. Board of Trade or Treasury to supervise establishment of scheme during a statutory five year period.

(e) Registration of all schemes, with the Board of Trade, to be a condition

of tax-relief.

2. Agree to public ownership (on a de-centralized basis) for road haulage.
3. Stop throwing verbal brick-bats at existing public services and industries, especially coal and railways. Seek instead to increase efficiency, limit bureaucracy (Ombudsman?), and extend local control.
4. Quietly bury the proposal that certain nationalized industries should raise their capital on the open market. Such a policy could safely be left to the Conservatives to advocate, for it is essentially a Conservative plea.
5. Revise the Liberal Party's attitude to welfare services. Seek general recognition for the maxim that "You cannot have a Welfare State without a state of welfare."
6. Stick to the present policy on Pensions, but go further in seeking Labour support for the Liberal proposals.
7. Cure the Liberal Party of the habit of speech and thought that has made "Planning" a dirty word in the Liberal vocabulary. The Liberal future must be carefully and humanely planned.

Individual Labour supporters could:

1. See that the proposal to re-nationalize steel is dropped. Alfred Robens has already admitted that "the nationalization of the iron and steel industry has nothing whatever to do with its efficiency. No one is making a case for public ownership on the basis that it is an inefficient industry."
2. Steer the Labour Party towards a formula of radical reform upon syndicalist or co-operative lines, as an alternative to socialism. Press the main issue in industrial organization, namely, worker-control in industry.
3. Add to the policy of publicly owned road haulage a pledge to treble the present road programme.
4. Eliminate the out-moded class war and substitute for it an all-out attack on the rule of the "faceless, nameless few" in industry, and upon "money mystery" generally. Another battle well worth fighting would be a battle against the all-but-secret cartels and combines.

Radicals in both parties could start an education campaign designed to acquaint ordinary men and women (not just trade unionists or just Georgeists) with the economic facts of life and the dangers inherent in an obsession with "prosperity at all costs". Cultivate a public demand that democracy be extended in industry, and an appeal for a society in which human rights shall not be shut out by factory gates.

Unless a start is made in this direction existing threats will easily become realities. "Big Brother" (or his smaller cousins) will meet with little or no opposition. The last outposts of privilege remain in politics and in industry. The task of the progressive is to sweep the last traces of privilege out from these positions. Only by determined action on the part of radical Liberals and the liberal element of Labour's support can a society based upon co-operation be established. Successful progressives will have to be as ruthless with their own nostalgia as they would be with Conservative nostalgia.

Yours faithfully,

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LOSS AND GAIN IN 1959

1959 has been a year of peripatetic diplomacy on a scale unequalled in our experience, despite the firmly established modern method of travelling ministers and special envoys.

What is so striking now is not only the calibre of the men involved and the length of the distances covered, but also the frequency of these voyages and the characteristic way in which they promptly, indeed almost automatically, impel still more travel. For this kind of diplomacy has reached a point where no consultation between two statesmen or heads of government, not to mention heads of State, is sufficient *per se*. Anything with a smattering of bilateralism is suspicious. So, as soon as the top representatives of two countries decide to meet, each of them also has to make arrangements to visit a series of other countries—either before or after such a meeting—to give them reassurances that nothing unfavourable has been decided behind their back. It appears that in this respect there is little difference between the two sides of the Iron Curtain. Thus, to take the world's two most powerful men, no sooner did Mr. Khrushchev return from his American trip than he rushed off to visit his friends in Asia while, for his part, President Eisenhower had travelled to Bonn, London and Paris for discussions (including the Italians and even the Spaniards) just before receiving Mr. Khrushchev in the U.S.A.

It was Mr. Harold Macmillan who opened the top level political travel season in early 1959 by his visit to Moscow. In Great Britain his determination to make a personal direct attempt to reduce the dangerous tensions of the Berlin crisis received genuine popular support. Unlike the Americans, the British had been wise enough to realize years before that crisis the true nature of the German situation and had no illusions about Berlin or the unification of Germany on Western terms. There was not much love lost for the Germans anyway, while on the other hand there was a profound desire to avoid a clash with Russia and the risk of a third world war.

The Prime Minister did not go to Moscow to settle anything specific but mainly to see if some change of political climate could be brought about. Through patience, quiet dignity and imperviousness to Khrushchev's insults he achieved a measure of success. Mr. K. withdrew the time limit of his Berlin ultimatum and, off and on, showed a willingness to talk.

But while Mr. Macmillan's Moscow visit met with approval at home, it created the greatest misgivings among the Western Allies on both sides of the Atlantic and even among the neutrals. In Paris, Bonn and throughout the U.S.A.—not just in Washington—criticism was often violent. All too readily Britain's Premier was compared to Neville Chamberlain and attacked as an "appeaser". Even people who are normally friendly to this country and who happened to hold Mr. Macmillan in high esteem, were sorrowfully enquiring what had happened to him and why he had suddenly embarked on a kind of Munich policy. That is what they called it, and he had to go to Washington towards the end of March to explain

or demonstrate that he was by no means "an umbrella man" and to remind people that he had been violently opposed to Munich. The impression his candid conversations made on some influential Americans—especially at a senatorial tea party given in his honour—somewhat reduced irritation and suspicion but did not entirely remove the criticism of Britain's attempt at personal diplomacy at the highest level. This, apparently, was to remain the prerogative of Mr. John Foster Dulles (nobody has travelled as much as he did), even though he was a dying man at the time.

However, things in the U.S.A. suddenly likewise began to move towards improving relations with Moscow. Mr. Zhukov, the Soviet Cultural Chief, unobtrusively came to New York and stayed there for several weeks preparing artistic and other cultural exchanges. No sooner was he back in Moscow than the visit to the U.S.A. of Mr. Mikoyan, First Deputy Prime Minister of the Soviet Union, was announced and promptly carried out. Further, it became known that within the briefest of time a huge Russian exhibition would be held in New York and that the famous Bolshoi Theatre Ballet would be coming to the U.S.A. An equally large American exhibition would also be arranged in Moscow and a no lesser personality than Vice-President Nixon would go there for the inauguration, accompanied by a group of leading businessmen, editors and news commentators.

It is worth noting in passing that all these events met with tremendous success both in New York and in Moscow, and that the Russian ballet tour was a real triumph. But meanwhile a conference of the foreign ministers of the U.S.A., the Soviet Union, Great Britain and France had opened on May 11 in Geneva—ostensibly to prepare the way to the much discussed summit meeting by settling a number of preliminary issues, including that of Germany.

This conference had one profoundly significant peculiarity, namely that delegations from Western and from Eastern Germany attended as advisers. This was the first time the Allies had accepted the presence of representatives from Eastern Germany at any international gathering. No matter what arguments were used to the contrary, this was *de facto* recognition and as such a great victory for Soviet diplomacy. For the Western Allies the harassing question was what Mr. K. would do if the meeting came to no agreement of any kind. And President Eisenhower had stated quite clearly that he would not go to any summit conference unless Moscow offered some positive proof, as a preliminary condition, of willingness to compromise.

The Geneva talks recessed on June 20 after six weeks of futile discussions and went into a second, equally useless, session which lasted from July 13 to August 5. But on August 3, or two days before it closed, President Eisenhower announced the sensational news that he had invited Mr. Khrushchev to the U.S.A., and on August 5 he said that he had accepted with pleasure. To use the President's own words: "In the effort to melt a little bit of the ice that seems to freeze our relationships . . . with the Soviets . . . possibly a visit such as I now have proposed would be helpful." And Mr. Khrushchev echoed: "The important thing is to find through

these exchanges a common language and a common understanding of questions we are to settle." At the same time it was stated that President Eisenhower would return the visit and go to Russia later on—the first American president ever to do so publicly—Roosevelt's wartime visit to Yalta having been secret. Thus Mr. Khrushchev scored a second and far more important triumph: an invitation to the U.S.A., with no strings attached, and direct talks with President Eisenhower as well as a formal undertaking by the President that he would come to Moscow.

The details of his American trip, which began in September, are sufficiently vivid in everybody's memory to make it unnecessary to recapitulate them here. But several points in connection with the whole affair are important. President Eisenhower has emphatically stressed the fact that the idea of inviting Mr. Khrushchev was entirely his own and that he had been thinking of it long before Vice-President Nixon went to Russia. Far from Mr. Nixon having persuaded him—as many "experts" claimed at the time—the President only told him on the eve of his departure for Moscow, so that the Vice-President should not be caught unawares in case Mr. K. mentioned it to him. The able U.S. Ambassador to Moscow, Llewellyn E. Thompson, had been advising an Eisenhower-Khrushchev encounter for some time. Mr. Christian Herter, who had succeeded Dulles as Secretary of State only a few days before the Geneva conference opened, appears to have seen in such a meeting the only way out of the Geneva impasse. There may have been other advisers, but one thing is certain: no one else but President Eisenhower could have taken the decision of bringing the Soviet dictator to America or promise a return visit. Even in his case, many Americans found it hard to stomach the whole affair. But had there been a Democrat at the White House the outcry of indignation and the accusation of crypto-Communism would have thwarted the very idea from the start.

Everything was finally settled during the first week of August and on the 26th of that month the President had to rush off to Europe to give the suspicious and disgruntled Allies some hasty reassurances. Only Great Britain was pleased about the coming exchange of visits, and the President's action added much weight to the argument that credit for initiating the "thaw" belonged to Mr. Macmillan. Before very long this factor proved of considerable importance in helping Mr. Macmillan's election victory.

Whatever may yet develop in West-East relations, Mr. Khrushchev's visit to America means a new chapter in international relations. Not that anything has been settled or is even approaching settlement. In fact, to most thinking Americans Mr. K. appears even more formidable since they have seen him at close quarters and in full operation than when he was merely a myth. And, for his part, he must have learnt quite a lot while touring the great American continent—chief of all, perhaps, that the Americans can live and prosper without war and rearmament. But if the consequences of the visit cannot as yet be estimated, what is clear is that the political climate has undergone a complete change. Further, that the Cold War in its old form would be hard to resume even if anybody wanted

it, and that the new forms it may take are likely to be less rigid.

The Western Allies have now a respite until President Eisenhower's trip to Moscow, which is scheduled for the spring. It is odd that surprise should have been expressed in so many quarters about such a "long" time, but the simple explanation seems to be that if the two men met again too soon after their final undisturbed and intimate talks at Camp David they would not have anything new to say to each other. Moreover, neither of them can be in any hurry either to make promises and compromises or to spotlight their fundamental incapacity to agree on a settlement. During the relatively short period the Western Allies have at their disposal they must agree on some joint formula, on a common front to oppose Mr. Khrushchev's claim of economic, technological and social superiority. When he claims that his system is best and that it will triumph in time over the capitalistic one, he is merely expressing in a different way the vexatious thought of "we will bury you". It is a truism to say that to avoid this the West must show vision, unity and strength. But at the moment, despite all the lip service to it, no one can pretend that there is much Western solidarity either in the political or economic field.

The Common Market and the Outer Seven are dividing Europe into two camps. All the travelling of ministers cannot conceal the fact that the West is as far from economic integration as it is from political unity or even from a harmonious continuation of joint defence policy. Some European countries are so preoccupied by their own domestic problems that these take priority over international ones. In France, for instance, the Algerian tragedy dominates everything else. In Western Germany, Chancellor Adenauer's position has been somewhat weakened owing to his unilateral decision to remain chancellor after having announced that he would accept the presidency. The Benelux countries which were a perfect model of economic integration and political co-operation are now quarrelling about their agriculture. In Italy economic progress is spectacular while politically the position of her Government remains precarious. And Great Britain, while enjoying a new lease of life thanks to the Conservative victory, has nevertheless many important and urgent issues to face if she wants to consolidate her present advantages.

These, of course, are only some of the main items in the political balance sheet of 1959. But there are many others. Perhaps the most important event of all was the reaching of the moon by a Soviet rocket on Sunday, September 13, or barely two days before Mr. Khrushchev arrived in the U.S.A. No doubt, this must have been a coincidence and there must have been many unsuccessful launchings before the final demonstration of scientific technique. Nevertheless it is remarkable that the Soviets not only managed to achieve this great feat but that it was timed with such precision. No one can say what the practical results of the space race will be in the long run, but ever since the launching of the first Sputnik only two years ago Moscow has been making fantastic technological progress and can use her nuclear gains to the maximum political advantage.

No one can expect the Western democracies to spend all their time in

thinking of politics or nuclear developments. Generally speaking, 1959 was an excellent year for the West—providing its people with prosperity and plenty of entertainment. Those who are interested in royal marriages and kindred subjects had many occasions to enjoy themselves: the royal marriage in Japan, the marriage of Belgium's Prince Albert to his Italian Princess Paola, the Shah of Persia and, if less exalted, no less intriguing, the marriage of young Rockefeller to a Norwegian girl or of Brigitte Bardot to a young actor. Or again, there was Queen Elizabeth's Canadian tour, including a most successful brief visit to Chicago and, finally, the announcement that she was expecting a child. In fact, throughout 1959 the spotlight was switching from country to country and from person to person in a way that provided almost unlimited scope for gossip and conversation.

Meanwhile, however, Prime Ministers and Foreign Ministers and other dignitaries continue to travel from capital to capital. The closing months of 1959 seem to have been one continuous whirl for some of these men and perhaps the record belongs to President Eisenhower who on December 4 embarked on a 19 days' tour covering 22,000 miles and taking him to eleven countries. The purpose of all these pre-summit consultations is to establish a joint Western line of action and as such would be welcome if there were any indication that positive results are being achieved.

But, first of all, there is no such indication and the proclamation of lofty principles with which everybody agrees is no substitute for action. Secondly, several events have to take place before the summit talks can be contemplated—for instance, Mr. Khrushchev's visit to General de Gaulle or Eisenhower's visit to Khrushchev. Finally, things being what they are, no sane person believes that the whole problem of West-East relations can be solved by just one summit meeting. Up to now the nearest thing to a real summit conference has been the meeting between President Eisenhower and Mr. Khrushchev at Camp David. What will follow in 1960 will probably be a "nest of tables" system of conferences when each time one table is cleared the next one will be pulled out to serve for the meeting that follows.

GEORGE SOLOVEYCHIK

AVIATION THE KEY TO CANADA'S ARCTIC

AVIATION in an area of Arctic and sub-Arctic Canada about half that of the United States has reached the position where teams at the Eskimo-Indian settlement of Aklavik (near Canada's arctic frontier with the U.S. State of Alaska) charter a DC3 to fly 600 miles to play in the Arctic Curling Championships at Fairbanks, Alaska; a Canadian Pacific Airways Super 46 flies Eskimos from Canada's Polar

Coast 1,600 miles to Calgary for training as airfield workers; the military radar camps along the polar coast are maintained almost solely by airlift (at 7s. per lb. freightage on everything from potatoes to airfield snow-ploughs); uranium concentrates are airlifted a thousand miles to railhead from the remote A-bomb mine on the frozen shores of Great Bear Lake; and Frobisher, only three years ago a small Eskimo settlement, has become a new international airport.

In Ottawa, the Minister for Northern Affairs and Natural Resources, Mr. Alvin Hamilton, told me: "The speed at which we can broach the almost unlimited natural resources of the Canadian 'North' depends on that at which we can develop transport links with the Northland." The Government in Ottawa, in collaboration with the Provincial Governments and with private enterprise, has, of course, launched a plan to drive roads and railways from existing road- and rail-heads into the Northland, 1,500 miles and more across almost uninhabited sub-polar territory to the shores of Canada's far northern coast. These new arteries, one of which is now being pushed 900 miles northwards from the Klondike to the new oilfields of northern Yukon Territory, will prove no less valuable to the development of the Canadian Northland than the Alcan Highway did to the Canadian territory it crosses. But the very immensity of the Canadian North, which covers an area rather greater than half of the United States and sprawls across frozen tundras, frost-split rock and frozen seas to within 500 miles of the North Pole itself (and east to west from opposite Greenland to the Yukon-Alaska border) means that for many years the main transport burden in the North will be carried by air-freighters. Canadian Federal authorities are speeding aviation development in the Northland, and using it to pay for part of the cost of broaching vast deposits of iron, uranium, copper, nickel and other minerals, to say nothing of oil.

The Deputy Minister of Transport, Mr. George Hees, instanced Frobisher Airport to illustrate this fact. Not so long ago Frobisher was just an Eskimo village with a few white people and a military airstrip for airlifting supplies to installations in the Arctic, notably those of the Distant Early Warning (radar) Line. Today Frobisher is an international airport handling Canadian Pacific Airlines' Amsterdam-Vancouver (via-the-Arctic) schedules, a major airlift to the D.E.W. Line, and local air traffic such that Frobisher is now fifth among Canada's international airports in landings and take-offs, which number 4,000 annually. "We are using the income from Frobisher's facilities to further development in the Baffin Island area," Mr. Hees told me. The "further development" includes broaching iron ore reserves where American-Canadian interests have registered nearly 2,000 claims to date, and the extension of air navigation facilities and the construction of more airstrips at suitable points.

Canada's Northland can be divided into four sectors:

The Eastern Arctic, which includes ice-locked solitudes northwards from Hudson Bay across uninhabited and minerally rich barrenland to the shores of the Arctic Ocean;

the Western Arctic, which lies north and north-west of Edmonton; these two regions cover some 1,300,000 square miles;

Yukon Territory, 200,000 square miles of forest and mountain adjoining the Northwest Territories, Northern British Columbia and the recently proclaimed State of Alaska;

the northern coast of Continental Canada, the Polar Coast I label it, and the vast archipelago, the so-called Queen Elizabeth Islands, that stream away from it into the Arctic Ocean to within some 500 miles of the North Pole.

Key airfields to the first are Montreal, Quebec, Seven Islands on the north bank of the St. Lawrence River, Schefferville (hub of the Labrador-Quebec iron ore project), Frobisher, Port Churchill on Hudson Bay, and the airfields of the D.E.W. Line. Air traffic to the Western Arctic funnels through Edmonton, so-called "Gateway to the North". The keys to air development of Yukon Territory are Edmonton, Vancouver and Whitehorse, capital of the Territory. Built during the war as a staging point for Lease-lend aircraft bound for Russia's eastern front via Siberia, Whitehorse is used by freight and passenger schedules operated by Canadian Pacific Airlines, with Pacific Western Airways jointly the largest air fleet in the polar regions outside the U.S.S.R. Also American airlines use Whitehorse for the Seattle-to-Fairbanks run, Fairbanks being the important mining-military town in Central Alaska at the head of the Alaska Highway, 50 miles south of the Arctic Circle. Whitehorse also serves the growing network of airfields deep in Northern British Columbia and Yukon Territory, where there are some of the more important mineral and oil deposits in North America, including the largest asbestos formations, considerable base metals deposits, and two very considerable oilfields. In addition, Whitehorse is the springboard for the construction of the new highway northwards from the Klondike to Northern Yukon Territory, and it plays a small part in supplying some outlying military "sites".

The construction of the Distant Early Warning Line, the most important single advance in aviation in the Canadian North, was in part by airlift operating from Montreal and Edmonton, across some 1,500 miles of sub-Arctic and Arctic territory. Light planes landed "construction men with pickaxes" at selected sites on the Polar Coast. As makeshift airstrips grew, DC3s took off with heavier equipment, and so on until the landing facilities could take DC4s and ultimately Globemasters. Several civil airlines took part, and not without setbacks. One airline lost seven aircraft in the operation, including a Bristol. Canadian Pacific Airlines alone delivered a million pounds of heavy equipment, operating northwards from Edmonton to the Polar Coast. Canadian Pacific still operates freight and passenger schedules to mining settlements in the North. But it is Pacific Western Airways, grown from a single Great War Junkers owned and flown by the bush-pilot Rus Baker, that is the main civilian carrier between Edmonton and the D.E.W. Line to the north; this growing airline secured the contract for the major job of ferrying supplies and men to the radar sites, which are operated by Federal Electric Inc., offshoot of the giant General Electric Corporation.

I was flown from Edmonton to a D.E.W. Line airfield, at Cambridge Bay on a remote, wind-lashed and bleak site in Arctic Canada and then back and forth along the Polar Coast, now dotted with airfields. To me, there

was drama in this polar shuttle service of aircraft ranging from Norsemen to the "big fellas", military planes, airline planes and a swarm of bush-planes operated by free-lance pilots, by mining and oil companies with registered claims to some 93 million acres in the Queen Elizabeths, a figure likely to reach 120 million acres by mid-summer, so say official Ottawa sources. Yet the airlift operates with tireless precision. Today, in fact, D.E.W. Line airfields offer the opportunity to fly from Vancouver on Canada's Pacific coast to the cities of the St. Lawrence River by way of her far northern Polar Coast. The Department of Transport is to take over some of these military airfields, and put them to civil purposes, Cambridge Bay, for example.

The airstrip at Aklavik, the Eskimo-Indian village near where the great Mackenzie River flows into the Arctic Ocean, has been extended. A brand new airfield has been built nearby at the new township of Inuvik. The airstrip at Tuk-tuk, another Eskimo village, on the Mackenzie Delta, handles large freighters. All three are well-placed for the development of known oilfields and other natural resources in the north-western area of the Western Arctic and Yukon Territory. The one-time bush-plane airstrip at Coppermine, another Eskimo village, mid-way along Canada's northern coast, has been developed by the Transport Department into an airport that handles Scandinavian Airlines' Europe-Tokio via-the-Arctic schedules, and of course aircraft operated by mining and oil interests with an eye on the interior and the Queen Elizabeth Islands. Now nearby Cambridge Bay comes into growing prominence. When I was there it was being used not only by military transports but by aircraft engaged in a dozen branches of survey. Today it is a re-fuelling point for C.A.P. trans-Arctic schedules and for a mounting airlift to "the Islands". And I understand that before long another important military airstrip, that at Dyea, in the extreme north-east of the Eastern Arctic, is to be taken over by the Federal transport authorities.

Many an *airstrip* in a key northern location has grown into an *airfield* with satellite airstrips from which thousands of miles of "interior territory" can be explored. Gander and Goose Bay illustrate this. One of them serves Trans-Canada Airlines' London-Montreal services; both are useful to the survey of the interior, as is Schefferville Airport, hub of the extremely important iron ore project in northern Labrador-Quebec. The major iron ore fields in North America, they were, in fact, broached by airlift, as was the construction of the 360-mile railway across the fearful interior of Labrador when light planes landed men and dynamite for the construction of airstrips along the route of the railway. Heavier aircraft followed as the airstrips were lengthened, until over one five-month period half a million pounds of heavy equipment was put down. That was in 1952. In 1960 airstrips that were used to land construction gear along the length of the new railway are being used to penetrate the contorted heart of Labrador; and Schefferville has grown into an airport with 29 satellite airstrips from which men and materials are being flown into the mineral rich interior. Once a makeshift gold-rush landing strip, Yellowknife Airport is the busy

hub for air services to a major uranium mine and a major oilfield to the north, uranium mines and an important base-metals project to the south, and to many other ventures with a possibly important industrial future.

New airstrips are being built by private enterprise with interests in the North. And that the Department of Northern Affairs and Natural Resources is encouraging this private enterprise is instanced by its recent agreement to meet half the construction costs of a strip envisaged by an oil company with "rights" in a remote area. Navigational-aid and meteorological facilities are being extended across uninhabited Arctic and sub-Arctic territories. This last summer Transport Department teams were erecting new navigational aid, radar and radio stations in "the North", and the work will continue next summer.

Weather conditions can be extremely bad, summer and winter. Severe blizzards sweep across the huge expanse of the Northwest Territories, Yukon Territory and the northern areas of the Provinces. Winter temperatures of 70° F. below zero are not uncommon. At the R.C.A.F. meteorological station at Snag, near Yukon's border with Alaska, I was told of temperatures down to 84° F. below zero, or 116 degrees of frost. In cold such as this metal crystallizes and shatters, oil turns to sludge, engines freeze and the aircrew that forcelands must be especially clad. I was not allowed to board a DC4 of Pacific Western Airways bound for Cambridge Bay without a treble-thickness down-stuffed silk sleeping bag; as a companion put it: "Cos if we come down you'd find it kind-a cold without a bag." Add to the hazard of low temperatures the proximity of the North Magnetic Pole, the long winter months of near darkness, fog and visibility such that in the Queen Elizabeth Islands full scale aerial photography is possible for only six or seven days annually. Yet owner-pilot bush-planes, no less than the air freighters of the major operators and a dozen smaller ones, maintain remarkably reliable schedules.

The first results of this dramatic expansion of aviation in the Canadian North are a steady reduction in freight charges and spectacular increases in freight and passengers carried; the establishment of *scheduled* services to mining and military locations once within reach of only the best-found expeditions; and the appearance of a crop of northern airfields, some of which are destined to become key points in the development of vast mineral resources.

FRANK ILLINGWORTH

TOO MANY MANSIONS IN AFRICA

BRITISH elections are not the only ones to bring colonial policy into the inaccurate arena of party politics. The clash of Dr. Azikiwe and Chief Awolowo, contending for control in the December elections and ultimately for control of independent Nigeria, has reverberated through

Africa. For the effect of freedom in 1960 for another 40 million West Africans (including the Cameroons and French Togoland) could be decisive. Internally, the N.C.N.C. and the Action Group do not greatly differ in outlook, though Dr. Azikiwe emphasizes democracy and free institutions, while the Action Group stresses social security. It is on the question of alignment abroad that the split appears. Dr. Azikiwe, in his own metaphor "laying all our cards face up on the chess board of diplomacy", claimed the right of Indian "neutralism" for Nigeria, and a "policy of non-alignment with any particular axis of geo-politics", though the country would remain a "full fledged member of the British Commonwealth". Chief Awolowo, on the other hand, saw such an outlook as dishonest and felt that Nigeria should "have the courage to make up her mind as to which country was right and which wrong and then have the honesty to stand by her views." He also trounced the unreality of a United States of Africa and denounced Egyptian attempts to establish an African hegemony. On these issues, African newspapers, despite an all-party plea for moderation, have made English electioneering look very wan. Nevertheless, all are united in emphasizing Nigerian leadership of West Africa.

It is these two points which give many, inside and outside Nigeria, food for thought. Which of the many mansions now building in Africa shall Nigeria support? And in what rôle? It seems unlikely that she will play second fiddle to the Big Three (Ghana, Guinea and Liberia) in the Pan Africa Group. She will hardly want to tag along at the 1960 Conference, already arranged at the Monrovia and Sanniquellie meeting, to organize a Community of Independent African States, with its own anthem and flag. Its main objective "to speed up the total liberation of dependent territories" may go further from Britain than Nigeria temporarily cares for. Nigerian leaders have not failed to note Ghana and her allies' support of Cameroon independence rather than autonomy within a Nigerian Federation; or the contrast with Dr. Nkrumah's views on Togoland, about whose possible independence he stood no nonsense but firmly integrated the area under his wing. Cynical Nigerians may also have noted that during the period of Pan-African pledges last July, Liberia was quietly signing a non-aggression and security pact with the United States.

If she can avoid the almost inevitable title of "Imperial stooge", Nigeria may well find herself as leader of a middle way and the smaller British territories; a courage-giver to those who have feared to be moderate in other African lands. This, in turn, may improve relations with the wobbly mansions of emergent French Africa, only too ready to resent an expanding British Africa. Some have even expressed the fear that Nigeria might swallow her smaller French neighbours, particularly if the Cameroons vote for Nigerian autonomy. Even M. Senghor, the poet and philosopher President of Mali, has resented the uproar against French atomic tests, when none was directed towards America and Russia; nor could his logical mind grasp Dr. Nkrumah's combined independence and Privy Councillorship.

Mali (Senegal and the Sudan), though demanding independence from

France, is prepared to achieve this through negotiation rather than by the truculent referendum of Guinea, and even to confine its freedom "within the framework of a confederal type of Association with France." This, it is hoped, will maintain eligibility for French Economic Aid. At the Dakar Conference of the Parti Fédéraliste Africain, M. Senghor summarized the idea as "a commonwealth *à la française*". Though Guinea sent no representative to this conference, the possibility of a Guinea-Mali link is not beyond reality. The legal relationship of Mali to Ghana and the British Commonwealth, since the creation of Ghana-Guinea Union, is one at which even the British genius for compromise might boggle.

If Dr. Azikiwe stands somewhere between a Pan-African and Mali outlook, Chief Awolowo holds a position between Mali and the French Community, whose chief African protagonist is M. Houphet-Boigny, Premier of the Ivory Coast. He has said: "We refuse to belong to a community which is no more than a commonwealth" and demanded at the French Community Executive meeting in Madagascar last July that there should be a true multi-racial federation with France; an inter-continental grouping with a common Parliament. In this he is supported by the Congress of the Rassemblement Démocratique Africain, drawn mainly from the Upper Volta, Niger, Dahomey and Equatorial Africa. He is not supported by his longstanding adversary Dr. Nkrumah. His jeers at the "empty fanaticism" of Pan-Africanism inevitably draw the counter-accusation that he is merely a French "stool pigeon" of slavish mind, who pours out his "illiterate effusions" in treachery against Africa. Yet the French Community is moving towards freedom. At the Madagascar meeting, presided over by General de Gaulle, and attended by all 13 prime ministers, it was agreed that African diplomats should be attached to French Missions in foreign capitals and at U.N.O., and that membership of the I.L.O. and U.N.E.S.C.O. should be open to African members. Both M. Senghor, of Mali, and M. Houphet-Boigny have accepted posts as Advisers of Cabinet rank, on African Affairs.

In face of all these associations, British, French and Independent, the Nigerian "colossus" bears great responsibility in the future of free Africa. With so many pipers calling so many discordant tunes, without thought of payment, the problem of resolving some of them into harmony may yet be the measure of Nigerian maturity.

M. MORTIMER

SINGAPORE, THE COMMONWEALTH'S YOUNGEST MEMBER

SINGAPORE'S New Constitution, making it a self-governing State within the Commonwealth, came into force on June 1 last year. In the general election on the preceding day, the "extreme left" People's Action Party captured 43 out of 51 seats. While a P.A.P. victory was

expected, nobody anticipated such a majority. The victory was helped to a great extent by the scandals which surrounded the Labour Front, the then Government party. These scandals culminated in an enquiry, sparked off by the P.A.P., which proved that the Minister of Education and Chairman of the Labour Front at the time had received from American sources, through the National City Bank of New York, \$500,000,000 "for the Front's funds". Further, it was admitted that a great part of this sum had been invested "for the Front" by purchase of property. There were other vague transactions of a similar nature.

The men of the People's Action Party understood electioneering and the temper of the people much better than the medley of part-time politicians and tyros which opposed them. The exposure of this foreign aid and the nebulous fate of the very large sum involved was a masterpiece of political timing. No legal punitive action was sought against any individual, rather it was an indictment against the party in power. Though the P.A.P. had all the proofs for the past few months, they held their hand until just before the elections, with the result that even at the polling booths the talk was about the corruption of the "outgoing Government". The voters had already decided on "outgoing". The alarming speeches during the election month with their threats and counter-threats, implied or uttered, gave one the impression that the P.A.P. would take extreme measures against all capitalists, foreign or indigenous, and be out to get the "expatriates", be they white, brown or black. Now that they have been in power over two months and the "running-in period" is over, one can more accurately assess the likely trend of the Party's policy and the difficulties it faces.

Immediately on assuming power, the Government banned a list of publications headed by the English *Week-ender* for the eradication of "yellow culture". When the English press protested, the Government threatened to invoke the Preservation of Public Security Ordinance under which a person may be detained without trial. The English press, which used to criticize the vernacular papers for their "sitting on the fence" and lukewarm editorials on subjects they themselves were exposing, now turn out colourless inanities echoing official pronouncements. But there had been wider repercussions, leading to the despatch to Singapore of M. Armand Gaspard as an "observer" on behalf of the International Press Institute.

The educational policy has undergone a complete change. Prime emphasis is now placed on the study of Romanized Malay for the next five years, the expected life of the present Government. What happens after that has not been stated. Will the students then fit into higher education where, of necessity, the medium of instruction is English? Language is a vehicle of expression. Socialism can be taught just as effectively in English as in any other language. Perhaps this emphasis on the Romanized vernacular is due to the need to have a common spoken language for everyday intercourse, yet later it may well be realized that English is the more practical and useful language, as has already been realized in India. Nationalistic fervour is always strong in newly indepen-

dent countries, but to the practical men of the P.A.P. emotions should have no place in statesmanship.

The responsibilities of office have brought a sense of realism. Capitalists and capitalism have hardly felt the change of government. No nationalization has been suggested. The biggest shake-up had been in the public services. Corruption—used here in the widest sense and not necessarily monetary—is being rooted out. The Civil Service is required to attend the newly created Political Study Centre to be orientated to “the political and social forces which caused the post-war revolutions in Asia” so as “to be in tune with the masses.” The Prime Minister had said, “. . . (my) task is to demonstrate that the democratic system can produce results.” One is tempted to add, if “guided” from above.

At the risk of over-simplification, one could say Singapore has only one problem—that of finding living space and employment. Of this island of 280 square miles, only a hundred are available for any sort of cultivation. The population of 1,500,000 increases by about 60,000 each year while the death rate is about 10,000. The most frightening fact is that 900,000 are under 20 years of age. Of this, 135,000 are in the 16-20 years age-group. This means that each year at least 30,000 will be seeking employment. To this must be added the 50,000 who are already unemployed. (Official figures give the unemployed as ten per cent of the 500,000 employable population.) Industrialization is a handy idea to solve unemployment. Unfortunately, Singapore faces three handicaps, each of which is killing: (1) lack of raw materials and the uneconomic cost of importing them; (2) lack of skilled labour and the high cost of any sort of labour that is available; (3) lack of a ready market. Until 1956, the territories comprising the Federation of Malaya were administered from Singapore. All trade was funnelled down to this island. Singapore prospered as an *entrepôt* and transshipment centre. Now both the Federation and Indonesia are bypassing Singapore to deal direct with their customers. Singapore's own industries, rubber-milling, pineapple-canning, coconut oil extraction and saw-milling are barely able to maintain themselves.

During the 150 years under the British Raj, Malaysians have always considered both the Peninsula and Singapore as one country, which in fact they were. Even now many Government departments work in such close liaison that they almost form the same administration. The Police, the Immigration the Postal services, the Railway and the Income-Tax departments are examples. The nucleus of the Navy, which was handed over as a gift from Singapore to the Federation, is still based at Singapore. Above all, by the provisions of the Constitution, the Federation Government is represented in the Internal Security Council. Thus we have what was actually one territory divided by cartographer-politicians to the disadvantage of both territories. Hence the cry is for “*Merdeka*”—freedom and a merger—and it does not need imagination to say that integration is the proper word.

K. L. MAH

Singapore

CAN MAO OVERCOME THE SECRET SOCIETIES?

FOR more than 2,000 years the secret societies of China have worked their mysterious power throughout the Far East. Today, in spite of Mao Tse-tung, they still exist in Red China. China has always been honeycombed with peculiar "brotherhoods" whose activities are a mixture of freemasonry, terrorism and sedition. Today these secret societies or Tongs defy Mao. Can the ruler of Red China beat them? It must be remembered that the power and influence of the Tongs is not confined to China. Wherever the Chinese live today from San Francisco to the West Indies: from London's Limehouse to Singapore, there you will find the adherents of these dreaded secret societies. A man fleeing from the vengeance of the Tong can find no rest. Patiently and quietly it seeks out those who offend. Its long arm casts its shadow over many lands.

Many Tongs seek to preserve the Chinese culture and way of life: others operate dope smuggling rings. Some serve political ends: others are just groups of gangsters and brigands. Like so many other secret societies they have their mysterious rites and initiations. Some of them are bossed by ruthless leaders whose word to the members is law. Infringement of the society's code often results in a beating up or other punishment. Occasionally the penalty is death. Despite the influence of Western ideas upon China during the past generations or the impact of the Communists of China itself, the Tongs still exist upon the mainland with a powerful membership. Their hidden hand still pulls many strings behind the scenes. Although some of them helped the Communists to power, they were really only interested in driving the Japanese and British, together with Chiang Kai-Shek, out. Not long ago, in South China, a 300-year-old society known as the "Flood Gate" offered Chiang Kai-Shek the services of 300,000 guerillas. The Tongs are many a headache for Mao Tse-tung. In this century they aided Dr. Sun Yat Sen in founding the Chinese Republic. Chiang Kai-Shek, in his turn, received their help against the Japanese. In fact these secret societies have meddled in the political life of the country for more than 2,000 years.

These associations of people banded together for all sorts of purposes are not only on the Chinese mainland, but in every land where Chinese live. The "Guild of Thieves" who, for a modest monthly premium, "insure" your shop, house or business premises against burglary by one of their number has a counterpart in the "Guild of Beggars", which collects sums annually for sharing out amongst themselves and guarantee, in return for the annual payment, to restrain their members from soliciting individually. The real power behind the Tongs exists for political or revolutionary purposes, and often they control those societies which rob and blackmail. Anyone who may be of use receives a warning to attend for initiation sealed with a dragon or other sign. If the prospective member resists he is kidnapped and taken to the initiation meeting. All the Tongs live by intimidation. After joining them there can be no backing out. To retain their power the threats made by them must be carried out—and usually are. Even today it is believed that there are few Chinese who are not bound

by oath to one of these great secret brotherhoods whose word, for their members, is law. Terrific memberships have been built up by some of these societies. As long ago as 1930 the "Red Spears" claimed 30,000,000 adherents. Like the famous Boxers, the members of this body believe that swallowing a magic potion makes them invulnerable to bullets. Another society with a mammoth membership is the "White Lotus". Formed as long ago as the fourteenth century, its membership today runs into many millions. In the past it has helped members to open businesses abroad by lending them money and supplying them with impressed cheap labour. Then there was the "Kneel and Cry Corps" who tried to dissuade merchants from selling Japanese goods. To carry their policy into effect the members of this society donned white mourning robes and wailed laments upon the doorsteps of merchants so selling these goods. Still very much alive is the "Band of Thirty-Six". This preys upon train and riverboat travellers, robbing and kidnapping as the opportunity presents. Operating in Shanghai is the "People's Progressive Society". It has not, as one might expect, high ideals. It is simply a collection of the city's worst desperadoes and robbers. In Malaya, the famous "Peace by Land and Water Society" has, for many years, terrorized the Chinese population. Its members ran gaming houses, smuggled opium and indulged in blackmail.

Occasionally feelings run high when Tongs clash. This happens not only in Asia but almost wherever Chinese live. Although the societies usually respect each other's territory, this is not always the case. A few years ago a wave of Tong warfare swept New York's Chinatown and soon spread to Boston, Chicago and San Francisco. Bombs were thrown; guns blazed forth; knives and hatchets were freely used. The Tongs engaged in this battle were ostensibly "Friendly Societies".

For many years to come it seems the Tongs inside China will play a big part in the political life of the country. Today in China the most significant of these societies are those with political aspirations. With members bound to secrecy by oath they plan to impose their wishes. Penalties are always imposed upon those violating the society's code. To build up their funds many of them levy contributions, impose fines for small infringements and take a percentage cut from the guilds under their control which steal, kidnap, murder and blackmail.

At the beginning of this century Sun Yat Sen was backed by the powerful "Heaven, Man and Earth Society". With its help he overthrew the reign of the Emperors. This Tong is still going strong, preaching today that when all foreigners (and this presumably includes Mao's Russian friends) have been driven out of the country then will China enjoy peace and prosperity. These societies with political aims are the master ones. They co-ordinate and unite the others. They have been part of every revolution and political upheaval in China for centuries past. It is the Tongs that Mao Tse-tung must conquer if he is to continue controlling China. The secret societies thrive upon discontent; they are a ready-made vehicle for putting into effect the overthrowing of those who cause or permit it.

SAMUEL NAPIER

LAMENNAIS: I

LAMENNAIS stood much closer to de Maistre than to Chateaubriand, for religion was the main concern of his life. The author of the *Génie du Christianisme* was more interested in literature and society, travel and politics, than in the state of his soul or the sickness of society. To him, as to millions of Frenchmen, the Pope was little more than a dignitary in a foreign land whose authority was strictly limited to the sphere of belief. For the impressionable Lamennais, on the other hand, the horrors of the French Revolution and the tyranny of Napoleon revealed the sinfulness of human nature and cried aloud for spiritual remedies. Fortunately for France and humanity a divine institution with an infallible head was available. In a world of low morality and religious apathy society was impossible without religion, and the Church could only exert its legitimate influence if it was financially independent of the State. A combination of secular and spiritual authority was required, monarchy humbly acknowledging the primacy of the Vatican. In the early writings of Lamennais, as of de Maistre, we approach so close to the ideal of theocracy that few of their countrymen were willing to march at their side.

Born at St. Malo in 1782, the son of a wealthy shipowner, Félicité de Lamennais was reared in a *milieu* where business counted for more than politics. Though his father had been ennobled for services to his native town, he outwardly accepted the Revolution while keeping out of the firing line. Like other moderates, however, he disapproved the Civil Constitution of the clergy and held private services in his house for a few intimate friends under the auspices of an *insermenté* priest. Among Félicité's early memories was that of listening at the door for the slightest sign of danger. His love of images and the habit of kneeling before a statue of the Virgin earned him among his young companions the name of *le petit bigot*. The phase of precocious piety was soon over, for when he began to read he was enthralled by Rousseau's Savoyard Vicar. His incredulity shocked the priest whose task it was to prepare the lad of 12 for his First Communion, which was consequently postponed. As with Chateaubriand the phase lasted through the years of adolescence, outwardly conforming but inwardly wondering if all that he was expected to believe was really true.

Visiting Paris with his father when the Terror was over, he was struck by the gaiety of the capital as if awakening from a bad dream. Since his pious elder brother desired to enter the priesthood he was drafted into the family business, which had been badly hit by the storms of the Revolution, but his romantic soul was so bored by office routine that he dreamed of migrating to some French colony. The mood of frustration lasted till the age of 20 when he read Pascal and the *Génie du Christianisme*. His adored elder brother was ordained and persuaded him to make his First Communion at 22. A new chapter opened two years later when he spent several fruitful months in Paris enjoying the lectures at the Collège de France and still more the teaching at St. Sulpice, then under the wise

direction of Abbé Emery, who become his spiritual guide. Though the Concordat had ended the open quarrel between Church and State, a new danger had arisen in the resolve of the master of France to break all opposition to his will and to turn the clergy into a militia. Returning home, Félicité eagerly studied Bossuet and Bonald, whose doctrine of the vital necessity of authority captured his heart and mind. The revolt against authority, he believed, began with the Reformation. The right of private judgment had led through disorder to atheism under the cloak of liberty and to the multiplication of sects united only by their distaste for authority. Still more decisive was the influence of his brother Jean, and at last, at the age of 25, all barriers were thrown down. "Now I wish only for the cross of Jesus. What a happy life! The Cross and nothing but the Cross!" The dream of the brothers was realized as they worked in blissful partnership for many years.

Their first task was to set forth their programme, the elder supplying most of the inspiration and the material, the younger putting it into literary shape. *Réflexions sur l'état de l'église en France ou 18ième Siècle et sur la situation actuelle*, written in 1808 and published in 1809, was submitted to and approved by the Abbé Emery. The little book of 150 pages opens with an attack on the Protestants, the Jansenists, the *philosophes* and the godless criminals of the Revolution who robbed the Church of its possessions. The Emperor—doubtless as a precaution—is praised for the restoration of the Church, and the political and social utility of religion, a consideration known to appeal to the Dictator, is emphasized. Even more deadly than overt hostility, in the authors' eyes, was the widespread indifference, mainly the legacy of materialist teaching, though the tepid zeal of many clergy played its part. It is a dark picture and parts of the book read like a sermon.

The second portion proposes various remedies to restore the influence of the Church, among them a national Council of the bishops to decide on important measures, synods of rural deans, retreats, doctrinal addresses, and a special body to supervise seminaries for the *curés*. To deal with academic attacks on the faith the brothers recommend a revival of Catholic scholarship, including the study of the Fathers and the technique of preaching. Passing to the laity, they deplore juvenile immorality and demand Christian schools, missions and the use of the rosary. The Jesuits should be restored and new monasteries and convents founded. In their youthful zeal they hoped that the work might attract the notice of the Emperor, but despite the tribute to him the book was seized by the police. Undiscouraged, Félicité now took minor orders and the brothers founded a training school for clergy at St. Malo, in which the younger taught mathematics. Its career was brief, for church schools were suppressed in 1811.

The second act of the campaign against the dictator as an enemy of the Church was the championship of the Pope's right to nominate Bishops. Dynasties came and went, but the old conflict inherited from the sixteenth and seventeenth century remained. *La Tradition de l'église sur l'institution*

des évêques had to wait for publication till the fall of the Emperor. Once again most of the materials were collected by the more scholarly Jean, who added notes to his brother's draft. The argument was familiar enough: the power given to Peter had never been and could not be surrendered, for to do so would destroy the Church. A survey of ecclesiastical history recorded the relations of the Papacy not only with the West but with the Patriarchs of the East, and asserted the derivation of the power of the Metropolitans from Rome. Throughout the treatise the authors strike an unflinching ultramontane note. The Church, they argue, was a monarchy, and its authority was indivisible.

No one rejoiced more heartily than Félicité at the restoration of the monarchy, partly because he was a royalist, still more because he expected the automatic renewal of the privileges and independence of the Church. It was a keen disappointment to discover that Gallicanism retained its grip and that, as he expressed it, no one cared about the Pope. He reprinted the *Réflexions sur l'état de l'église en France*, omitting the compromising tribute to Napoleon and adding notes disavowing certain opinions expressed in 1809. In those five years he had grown into a full-blooded ultramontane to whom any suggestion of chains on the Church was anathema. Since clergy paid by the State were not their own masters, they should live from the resources of the Church and receive instructions from the Pope alone. The argument was underlined by a tribute of admiration to Pius VII, who had confronted the Dictator at the height of his power.

The lack of zeal among many of the clergy is contrasted with the dynamism of the Jesuits who alone could rescue religion from its plight. The sharpest arrows are reserved for the university system which survived the tyrant's downfall and functioned as an instrument of tyranny. Throughout life Lamennais detested the theory and practice of the omnipotent State not less than blatant atheism or indifference to religion. For such a notorious enemy of Napoleon there was no room in France on the return from Elba. He fled to England under an assumed name, recrossing the Channel after Waterloo. In the following year, at the age of 34, he was at last ordained priest.

With his chronic ill-health and highly strung temperament, Lamennais was never fully at peace with himself, and even the downfall of the hated superman failed to raise his spirits. The new royalist broom, far from sweeping away the cobwebs of the long interregnum, retained far too much to please him of the secularizing spirit of the Revolution and the Emperor, above all in the vital sphere of education. He wrote in bitter irony: "Have you seen this beautiful ordinance drawn up by the Protestant Guizot and signed by *Le Roi très Chrétien*? Nothing is lacking in it except religion." Even the news of Waterloo brought no joy to his heart. "I foresee disasters, revolutions, endless wars," he wrote to his brother-in-law. "The king is good, but he accepts protection from murderers and demagogues, intoxicated worshippers of their own contemptible sovereignty. The whole human race seems to be rushing to destruction in its death

agony." Having been restored by foreigners, monarchy lacked prestige. The Organic Articles, which remained in force, created a State-controlled Church, a mere shadow of its great past. The clergy had become salaried servants of the State. Hatred of religion as manifested during the Revolution had given place to apathy which was as bad or worse. France needed a prophet to proclaim that religion was the cement of society no more to be ignored than the law of gravitation, and Lamennais answered the call.

The larger part of his most important work, the *Essai sur l'Indifférence en matière de religion*, was completed when the publication in 1818 of Abbé Grégoire's *Essai historique sur les libertés de l'église Gallicane* gave the problem a touch of actuality, offending ultramontanists by its uninhibited Gallicanism and royalists by its contention that a national church required a liberal and republican State. Lamennais disapproved it on both grounds and resolved to present his own alternative. "Perhaps," he wrote to his brother, "Providence may cause a bad book to produce a useful result." The main thesis of the volumes published at intervals between 1818 and 1823 is the need of society to rest on religious foundations as provided by the Catholic Church. Part of the vitality of the *Essai* was the fact that it embodies the author's religious experiences. He had known indifference and self-disgust, had contented himself with Rousseau, and had groped his way out of the dark tunnel into the light of day. Saluted as the last of the Fathers, he was ranked with Bossuet and Fénelon.

G. P. GOOCH

To be continued.

GEORGE ORWELL'S POLITICS: I

GEORGE ORWELL has been dead ten years. A great deal has happened in the decade since his death: the Labour Party has lost three elections running, Germany has been re-armed, Big Brother is now called Khrushchev, and not Stalin. Probably neither Orwell nor anyone else would have predicted any of these things in 1950. In some respects he has been proved right by events, in others quite wrong. A prophet is not, of course, justified by his predictions; unless he is merely a political weather-prophet. With a man like Orwell it is the vision that counts. And in writing of him we must be careful to distinguish the essential vision from the personal and historical accidents. On the other hand, since Orwell's vision was essentially a vision of history, his prejudices and misjudgments cannot just be ignored. I shall try to show that Orwell's pessimistic vision of things to come in 1984 is foreshadowed in his earlier work, and that his work as a whole shows, despite apparent contradictions, a remarkable consistency. I think myself that his vision is false. I think too that since his vision is a historical one, it can also be refuted by history. After ten years it is already possible to say of Orwell that "history has proved him wrong." 1984 is not going to happen, but it is important to find out why Orwell thought it might.

First of all: what kind of writer was Orwell? How can we characterize his literary personality? He was, I suggest, a man unable to wear a mask. His whole work is a kind of didactic monologue, vividly documentary at times and never introspective, but always written in the first person. His novels, which might appear to contradict this judgment, actually confirm it. Their badness, now generally admitted, springs from just this quality; Orwell could never hide his opinions or acquire the detachment necessary to the creation of living characters. The documentary purpose is always breaking in and wrecking them as novels. Yet it is just this direct approach to the reader that constitutes Orwell's great strength as a writer. This is what we mean when we speak of his peculiar "honesty", the quality for which he is so often praised. In one sense, of course, this honesty of Orwell's is undeniable and wholly admirable. But it can have the effect of disarming criticism altogether. Orwell is then like the public speaker whose wrong-headed and contradictory views are forgiven him, because he is so obviously sincere. This is evidently what many people have come to feel about Orwell: Mr. Philip Toynbee, for instance, when he remarks: "Orwell was a much better man than most of us . . ." (*Encounter*, August, 1959). Yet the fact remains, as Mr. Toynbee points out, that Orwell cannot be allowed to get away with some of the judgments he makes in, say, a book like *The Road to Wigan Pier*.

One could start by drawing up a list of contradictions. These are to be found in the linguistic field just as much as in the political. *Wigan Pier* is a little anthology of them. This book is a report on the "Condition of England" by a man who claims to be a Socialist. Yet he is capable of writing: "There is not one working-class boy in a thousand who does not pine for the day when he will be leaving school . . . to the working class the notion of staying at school till you are nearly grown-up seems merely contemptible and unmanly." Orwell, so far from criticizing this attitude, expresses militant approval. He refuses to see its intellectual implications, to grasp that this is just what those anti-Socialists say who want to "keep the working classes in their places." And, in the context of *Wigan Pier*, this involves him in a further contradiction. He takes for granted that if this is what working-class people really think about education (it is not, of course), then the working classes must be right and so much the worse for education. Yet he is highly scornful of those middle-class Socialists who think they can just take over the attitudes of the working class. Pages are devoted to his argument that since the lower classes smell (as Mr. Maugham has apparently proved), there is an absolute olfactory barrier between the middle-class intellectual and the working man. Woe to the intellectual who thinks to break through it, for he will become a hypocrite! Yet by adopting this supposedly proletarian attitude to education, Orwell is falling into his own trap.

He seems to be arguing in favour of a kind of class loyalty. The middle-class writer should not pretend to be a proletarian and the working-class writer should not ape the ways of the bourgeoisie. This has the ring of common sense; we feel that Orwell is speaking here from the depths of his

own experience. After all, the author of *Down and Out in Paris and London* should know, if anyone does. But, as always, he is too extreme. What began as a piece of common-sense observation ends as a dogmatic assertion that bourgeois is bourgeois and prole is prole and never the twain shall meet. The thing to do is to stick to your own class. If you criticize society you should only do it, presumably, from your own class standpoint. But this is precisely what is never clear in the case of Orwell. We do not really know where he stands. And so far from exhibiting loyalty to any class or group, he goes out of his way to attack the social group to which he most nearly belongs: the left-wing intelligentsia. "It is strange how easily almost any Socialist writer can lash himself into frenzies of rage against the class to which, by birth or adoption, he himself invariably belongs." Orwell is referring, of course, to Socialist intellectuals' attacks on the bourgeoisie. But it would be just as relevant to his own attacks on Socialist intellectuals.

Perhaps the most serious of all the contradictions in *Wigan Pier* is his attitude to progress. Naturally, he is in favour of bettering the living conditions of working-class people. The purpose of his trip to Lancashire had been to collect material about unemployment. He had been horrified by what he had seen, deploring above all the human wastage involved in chronic unemployment. Socialism was obviously the answer—in fact, to him Socialism seems to have been a little *too* obvious: "... everyone who uses his brain knows that Socialism, as a world-system and wholeheartedly applied, is a way out . . . Indeed, from one point of view, Socialism is such elementary common sense that I am sometimes amazed that it has not established itself already." This is a very curious sentence; the phrase "established itself" is likely to provoke scepticism as to Orwell's political judgment. It seems to imply a Socialism that is to come into being without human agency. He can hardly have meant this; but he does seem to imply that Socialism can come into being without mechanical agency. In a lengthy tirade against the machine and all its works he complains that the Socialist world will be "above all things an *ordered* world, an *efficient* world." He is sarcastic about the scientific Utopias of H. G. Wells and points to the rather inhuman implications of this kind of approach. Up to a point, though the line of attack is hardly original, the reader of *Wigan Pier* will be inclined to agree with Orwell's polemic. But, once again, Orwell fatally overstated his case:

All mechanical progress is . . . towards a world in which *nothing goes wrong* . . . But in a world from which physical danger had been banished . . . would physical courage be likely to survive? . . . As for such qualities as loyalty, generosity, etc., in a world where nothing went wrong, they would be not only irrelevant but probably unimaginable. The truth is that many of the qualities we admire in human beings can only function in opposition to some kind of disaster, pain, or difficulty; but the tendency of mechanical progress is to eliminate disaster, pain and difficulty.

Strictly, this would seem to be a plea for the retention of a modest degree of evil in the world, not in the Devil's interest for the greater corruption of the human soul, but in God's. There is no virtue without evil: but virtue is desirable: therefore let there be evil. It is a truly extraordinary argu-

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ment. And it is typical of Orwell's extremely unphilosophical cast of mind that he does not make the elementary distinction between moral and physical evil. His contempt for Wellsian Utopias, which is perhaps understandable, has led him to take up an intellectual position so extreme as to be merely silly. He does not see that while certain evils do breed virtues of a kind—war breeding physical courage is the obvious example—we should be much better off without these evils and their rather questionable accompanying virtues. And he fails to see that as far as moral courage is concerned the machine does not really enter the argument at all. Clearly, human freedom is not affected one way or the other by mere quantitative increase in the power at human disposal (power, after all, is "the ability to do work"; this applies as much to an electronic computer as to a coffee-grinder). Nor, for that matter, is human creativity affected. Orwell complains: "... in the mechanized future . . . with the tools and materials available *then*, there will be no possibility of a mistake, hence no room for skill . . . In such circumstances it is nonsense to talk of 'creative work'. In any case the arts of the hands . . . would long since have disappeared. Some of them have disappeared already, under the competition of the machine. Look round any country churchyard and see whether you can find a decently cut tombstone later than 1820 . . ." One wonders: did the old stone-masons cut tombstones with their bare hands?

It is curious that he should use this example. As a rule he had nothing but contempt for the sandal-wearers and the broad-loom weavers. But it is, I think, significant. He agrees with them that the modern machine—really the mass-production machine—was the ruin of the old craftsmanship. And so, of course, it was. But the aesthetic principle, the principle of design, is not thereby eliminated. Modern buildings are made of ferro-concrete; but no concrete-mixer ever invented will be able to *design* a building. For Orwell to say "the tendency of mechanical progress . . . is to frustrate the human need for effort and creation" is therefore extraordinarily silly. But why does he say it? Because, at bottom, he hated the modern world and, not having much faith in the future, tended to idealize the past. If we consider the various contradictions I have enumerated, we see that Orwell's basic ideas are nearly always reactionary, either in origin or in end-effect. We have seen this in his attitude to working-class education. It is implicit in his assertion that no real contact is possible between middle- and working-class people (his special hatred of working-class intellectuals is significant). And his whole attitude to progress is that of a man who feels that the stage-coach was superior to the locomotive, and the locomotive to the aeroplane.

We are now in a better position to judge his mind. But why, if he hated progress, did Orwell call himself a Socialist? What did he understand by Socialism? His own answer in *Wigan Pier* seems to be: "... the only thing for which we can combine is the underlying ideal of Socialism; justice and liberty." He make an eloquent plea, in the name of these values, for unity in the struggle against Fascism. And these values underlie much of his political writing in the 'forties, culminating in 1984, the last of many

assaults on anti-libertarian versions of Socialism. But this does not really solve the problem of Orwell's Socialism: what new, and specifically Socialist, meaning does he give to the old Liberal watchwords "justice" and "liberty"? It is clear that he will have no truck with any theories of historical inevitability, whether Marxist or Fabian. He does not seem to think of these values in terms of their historical realization, to consider whether they are at certain periods more capable of realization than at others (he is handicapped by his hatred of science and mechanization). He has indeed a view of history which is at bottom, like so many of his other views, conservative. He does not appreciate, and cannot convey, change. A good example of this is the concluding section of part I of *Wigan Pier*. He takes care, in his earlier depictions of working-class life in Lancashire, not to claim too much for his chosen subjects. But at the end he gives way to a very revealing kind of sentimentality:

In a working-class home . . . you breathe a warm, decent, deeply human atmosphere which it is not so easy to find elsewhere. I should say that a manual worker . . . has a better chance of being happy than an "educated" man . . . I have often been struck by the peculiar easy completeness, the perfect symmetry as it were, of a working-class interior at its best. Especially on winter evenings after tea, when the fire glows in the open range and dances mirrored in the steel fender, when Father, in shirt-sleeves, sits in the rocking chair at one side of the fire reading the racing finals, and Mother sits on the other with her sewing, and the children are happy with a pennorth of mint humbugs, and the dog lolls roasting himself on the rag mat—it is a good place to be in, provided that you can be not only *in* it but sufficiently *of* it to be taken for granted.

The psychological implications of the italicized "of" in Orwell's case are fairly clear: but it is the historical implications that are so revealing. He does not really want any change. The traditional working-class interior is contrasted favourably with the coming age when "there won't be a coal fire in the grate, only some kind of invisible heater . . . the furniture will be made of rubber, glass and steel . . ." Orwell is not, of course, maintaining that all is well with the working class. He shows us the miseries of unemployment and argues that it is a horrible and unnecessary state of affairs. But he does not go further. He appends to his description of working-class domestic bliss the comment: "Its happiness depends mainly upon one question—whether Father is in work." Full employment, in other words, is the ultimate horizon. This is, of course, a genuinely working-class point of view; but it is not a Socialist point of view. By accepting this horizon Orwell is implicitly denying the class he patronizes the advantages he has had himself. He argues: the working class do not care for art, therefore they are better without it. But there is an element of *double-think* in this; for Orwell did care for art, and the exclusion of art and literature from the lives of working people must have distressed him. By describing the working class as it is and not as it might be (by showing up the narrowness of its present horizon, for instance) Orwell is supporting the *status quo*. In *Shooting an Elephant* there is a subtle dialectic at work, here it is lacking. But the implications of this undialectical approach are fundamentally conservative.

JOHN MANDER

To be continued.

LAW AND ORDER

IN April, 1768, what would now be called an industrial dispute was in progress, a long drawn-out quarrel between the masters and sailors of coal ships. A Londoner named John Green, the deputy-agent of a coal merchant, was singled out as an enemy by the men under him and after many threats he learned one day that a party of coal-heavers had armed themselves and intended to attack his house and kill him during the night. The only safe course open in such circumstances to a London citizen in those days was to arm himself, fortify his house and prepare to defend it and his life. This he did, without the help of either authority or his neighbours though he had appealed to both. The attack took place on the night of April 21 and lasted for nine hours. Green's garrison consisted of himself, a maidservant and a friendly sailor whom he had accosted earlier and asked to come along and help him. He and the sailor put up a strong resistance and together killed 18 of the assailants. Early in the morning, finding his ammunition exhausted, Green made an escape over roofs and walls. He reached a neighbouring factory where he was allowed to hide. Later in the day a party of troops arrived and took him into custody on a charge of murder. Seven of the mob were arrested subsequently and were duly tried and hanged. Green was set free, but the same evening the house of his sister was attacked and she was dragged into the street and murdered. It was in such a state of law and order that the people of London continued to resist the threats to personal liberty, and their purses, which they saw in the establishment of a force of civil police and 60 years had still to pass before the Peelers walked the streets.

Now after the long-proved success of the British Police, it is extraordinary to see them today incurring odium for the consequences of the public's own neglect of its servants. It would seem as though the very completeness of their success has worked against them. Law and order, thanks to them, has come to be regarded as a natural heritage. How unnatural it is in a crowded, complex community, is too readily forgotten.

Whatever may be the cause, many of us still obstinately avoid accepting the fact that the maintenance of law and order demands an adequate police force. At a time of widespread concern at the steady rise in serious crime, it must have been with a deep sense of frustration that the Police Federation felt compelled to state: "For the past ten years the Police Federation has persistently reminded the police authorities of their duty to fix realistic police establishments in each force, and to provide more modern equipment."

It must be strange to them to see the expedients now being suggested so that the duty of the authorities can be, to a greater or lesser extent, evaded. One of the most strongly advocated of such expedients is that, by some means, the police should be relieved of at least a part of their responsibility for the control of road traffic. It is said, for example: "It is ridiculous that highly-trained and capable officers should be forced to spend so much time standing about idly waiting for motorists to return to

their cars so that they can be summoned for obstruction." Widely circulated statements such as this are all the more dangerous because of their superficial plausibility. A little reflection shows that they ignore one of the basic principles of good law enforcement: had there been a police officer standing "idly" by when the motorist was tempted to offend, it is probable that the offence would never have been committed. The statement also appears to suggest that the control of road traffic can be placed in the hands of a body of men less highly-trained and competent than the police. Here lies a serious threat to the motorist and the community as a whole.

The gravity of the problem posed by the increase of motor vehicles on the roads requires no emphasis, but its relative importance is not always grasped. In England and Wales, during 1957, there were 4,898 persons killed in motor accidents. The same year 151 murders were recorded. Similarly the number of persons violently assaulted was far below the number injured in traffic accidents. It may be asked, with their responsibility for the protection of life and property, can the police disregard such lethal disorder on the roads?

If some new body of traffic wardens were to be created, it would be many years before they would have anything like the experience, based in long tradition, which the police have in dealing with the public. Part of a policeman's daily training and practical experience is that he must maintain public support for the efficient discharge of his very wide range of duties. Would a traffic warden, established in bureaucracy and not in common law, have the same attitude? It seems unlikely, unless he were trained and administered in a manner almost identical with the police officer. In that case, for all practical purposes, he would have become a police officer specializing in traffic matters, with inevitable reduplication and unwarranted increase in expenditure.

If it should be thought that the difficulties of traffic control are here being set too high, it would be well to consider the extraordinary responsibility imposed on the police officer in the exercise of his discretion. In many cases it is solely for him to decide whether to prosecute or to warn. His training and status must be such that he is neither awed by the frown of the mighty nor disarmed by a charming smile. He must be able to resist the desire to favour friends and stand in fear of no threat. The actual technical problems of traffic control are now, of course, immense.

It is past time that prevarication ceased and that the Police Federation had the support of those whose interests it serves in its present efforts "to compel police authorities to face up to their responsibilities to the public by materially improving police pay and conditions of service." Given the means there is no reason to doubt that the police will continue to uphold the law and maintain order.

A. C. MAXWELL

Until April, 1959, Commissioner of Police, Hong Kong.

YOUNG VAGABONDS OF NAPLES

THEY are not war victims, like the gangs of Russian boys after World War I, like the abandoned youth in Germany after World War II, and like the so-called *sciuscias* in Rome who all once had a home were it of the poorest. The *scugnizzi* of the city and province of Naples represent a permanent sociological phenomenon of many centuries. Some outstanding historians, such as Pietro Colletta in his volume *Storia del Reame di Napoli*, Michelangelo Schipa in *Il regno di Napoli al tempo di Carlo Borbone*, the judge Raffaele Garofalo, and Matilda Serrao, author of Neapolitan novels, have written about the vagabonds, adults as well as children. The sculptures of Vincenzo Gemito and many engravings, paintings and postcards (that had been forbidden by the Fascist Government in order to conceal the fact) represent the *scugnizzi* as typical Naples folklore figures.

In 1952 I made an inquiry at Naples about the *scugnizzi* and was informed that there are about 40,000 in the province and the city. It is, however, not possible to learn their exact number. The concept of a *scugnizzo* is not clearly defined; neither is it clear from what age a vagabond boy may fall under the denomination; and nobody could tell at what age a *scugnizzo* is considered an adult vagabond. Therefore these numbers fluctuate, just as all population figures do.

Many of the vagabonds are orphans or illegitimate children who have never known their parents; many have been brought to an orphanage or a home for foundlings a few hours or a few days after birth, and have passed their early childhood there. Later they have been entrusted to some family of very modest means, from where they have escaped as soon as they could. Some *scugnizzi* know their parents or at least one of them. These belong mostly to the lowest class of unskilled workers; unemployment is a plague among these people, who live on some occasional work which is grossly underpaid. Some of these parents are professional beggars. Usually a whole family is herded together in a single room, dark, damp and without sanitation and lacking the basic necessities of life. Many pass the nights in one of the numerous grottos on the outskirts of Naples. The huge caverns of Capodimonte, of Posillipo, of Pozzuoli, are well known as refuges for the poorest of the poor, who do not own anything and are out of work. Their innumerable offspring prefer roaming through the country and the city pilfering food to hanging about in a dark cave or a damp room where they feel unwanted.

When they reach adulthood—at least those who resist the cold winter winds, the heavy autumn rains, the snowfalls in the hilly regions, as well as chronic undernourishment, want of sanitation and hygiene and all sorts of illnesses—they constitute the mass of beggars, vagabonds and unskilled occasional workers. Throughout their whole life they ignore regular employment, a home and regular meals; they are the typical outcrop of Naples that brings forth the gangs of bandits and the brigands of southern Italy. The "*lazzari*" or "*briganti*"—terms used by Pietro Colletta, Michel-

angelo Schipa, Raffaele Garofalo and many other authors of times gone by—abounded during the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The gangs of robbers were feared in the whole kingdom of Naples, in the towns as well as in the villages and on the roads. In his work, *Storia del Reame die Napoli*, published at Malta in 1819, Pietro Colletta tells us: "A royal public decree said: thefts and cases of murder are committed daily, in the streets of the city and in the countryside, rapes and other atrocities of all sorts; this state of affairs makes travelling most dangerous and impedes the harvesting of crops . . ." He writes again: "The robbers (brigands) reigned in the fields and meadows without any mercy; for two months they were favoured by luck and thus increased in number and in daring insolence . . . in the province of Basilicate another gang encircled the castle of the baron of Labriola . . . they killed him and his whole family. On the borderline between the provinces of Salerno and Basilicate, 1,300 brigands (robbers) camped openly. Among the crimes they committed in the kingdom in this year 1809 there are 33,000 violations of the law," and further on: "The General Manhes had been ordered to destroy brigandage in the whole of the kingdom . . . and it was probably for the first time that neither brigands nor thieves menaced the roads and the fields." These passages indicate that there existed an enormous band of brigands, men without work and habitation, without any property whatsoever, nor any education or social security of any sort—thus in sharp contrast to the inhabitants of the towns and villages, who have a home, regular work and an education, factors arising spontaneously and automatically through the social pressures of their family, their group and social class.

Pietro Colletta does not use the term "*scugnizzo*" and does not speak of the children of the brigands. There cannot be any doubt that they had many and it is more than probable that these children of theirs invaded the city and the countryside and stole foodstuffs in the markets, in field and gardens. Some might wonder why Pietro Colletta speaks of adult vagabonds only and not of the children. The child and its psychology became a centre of interest in recent times only. Before a Pestalozzi and a Rousseau, and before children represented a value through the application of birth control, society was much less interested in them, their rearing and upbringing than it is now. Childhood was not considered important for the future development and the conditioning of their whole life. Infancy and childhood were much shorter than they are today. There were no State schools and no laws obliging the parents to send their children to get an education. Very often the child had to work within the family, as soon as he was able to do so. Among the working class children of ten often worked in cotton mills and in coal mines, in England as well as in other countries.

At the time of Pietro Colletta (1775-1831) childhood was short in the whole of Europe. In England and France tender children worked sometimes 12 hours a day. A child was considered an adult as soon as he reached puberty. Therefore it seems beyond doubt that Pietro Colletta

included young boys in the group of brigands and does not speak of them apart because this would not correspond to the habits of his time. We think of all the children who were among the brigands and robbers whom General Manhes was charged to exterminate. He did not succeed; *scugnizzi*, vagabonds, brigands exist now-a-days as they existed then. Generations of these marginal children continue to become marginal adults within the flux of the centuries. Who can say when this state of affairs will change?

MYRIAM ORR

A MIRROR FOR MAGISTRATES: 1559

ONE of the major source-books for much Elizabethan and post-Elizabethan drama and poetry, and an important link between medieval and modern English literature, was published 400 years ago last year. It was compiled, and partly written, by a Westcountryman, William Baldwin. Its influence was considerable. Schelling, in his monograph on *The English Chronicle Play*, notes that "upwards of 30 historical plays exist, the subjects of which are treated in *The Mirror for Magistrates*." The plan of the book was conceived by Baldwin on the model of Boccaccio's *De Casibus Virorum Illustrium*. Some critics have ascribed the original design of the project to Thomas Sackville. This is patently absurd. Even if the editor of the 1610 edition had not been quite clear on the point, Sackville was in any case only 18 when the first edition was published. The full title of that was: *A Myrroure For Magistrates. Wherein maye be seen by example of other, with howe grevous plagues vices are punished: and howe frayle and unstable worldly prosperitie is founde, even of those, whom Fortune seemeth most highly to favour*. This was safe. A more explicit, and somewhat surprisingly frank title, was appended in 1571 and included the words: *Wherein may be seene by examples passed in this realme, with howe greveous plagues, vices are punished in great princes and magistrates*. . . . And the 1574 edition dealt (as did the subsequent issues) with "the falles of the first infortunate Princes of this Lande." The shortcomings of Princes can scarcely have been a healthy topic for a writer in sixteenth century England; and in fact one part of the anthology was suppressed earlier than 1559.

A Mirror for Magistrates was not Baldwin's first publication. Little enough is known about him as a person. He is referred to, on several occasions, as "a Westcountryman", and it seems probable that he or his family had their home in Hampshire. However that may be, we know that he studied logic and philosophy at Oxford, and then became a "corrector of the press"—a proof-reader, in fact—to Edward Whitchurch, a printer, who in 1547 printed for him his first book. This was *A Treatise of Morall Philosophie, contayning the sayings of the Wyse*. Enlarged later, by Thomas Paulfreyman, this 142-page book was popular for well over a century. Baldwin printed his second book himself. It appeared later in

1547, and was a metrical version of the psalms. His versions are quite elegant and readable, but the only really remarkable thing about the book is the extraordinary care the author took over its punctuation (a nicety more often than not ignored by sixteenth century authors).

During the next ten years Baldwin seems to have been occupied primarily in preparing theatrical exhibitions for the courts of Edward VI and Queen Mary (he has no connection, as far as one can tell, with the William Baldwin who was a close friend of Edward's tutor, Cheke, and wrote several pageants for the King's amusement). Irreverent references to the court plays and players at court abound in *Beware the Cat*, a burlesque first printed in 1561. In this long, rambling, slightly dull but nevertheless fascinating poem, Baldwin shows his talent for impudent vituperation. The book was vigorously suppressed at publication, and the preface to the 1584 edition explains why:

This little book Beware the Cat
most pleasantly compil'd,
In time obscured was, and so
since that hath been exilede.

Exilde, because perchaunce at first
it shewed the toyes and drifts
Of such as then, by wiles and willes,
maintained Popish drifts.

It contained innumerable attacks on prominent Roman Catholics, and many personal allusions that might have cost Baldwin his head. Indeed, it is something of a mystery how he kept his head on his shoulders in those turbulent times. But it was with *A Mirror for Magistrates* that Baldwin maintained his right to at least a limited degree of immortality.

It was, of course, a didactic work. Reading it (as Baldwin wrote in his "address to the nobility") princes might "se if any vice be in you, how the like hath been punished in other heretofore, whereby admonished, I trust it will be a good occasione to move to the amendment." The less nobly born might read of "the slippery deceiptes of the wavering lady, and the due rewarde of all kinde of vices." He planned to include in the work tales from the history of the world, up to the age in which he lived. But he was forced to end it much sooner. "When I first tooke it in hand," he writes, "I had the help of many graunted and offred of sum, but of few perfourmed, skarce of any."

The first edition contained 19 "falls of the princes", in metrical verse. The characters were not really all princes: the first, in fact, was Sir Robert Tresilian, the Cornish Chief Justice of the King's Bench, who tried John Ball, the first really articulate Socialist, and who was later himself hanged for treason at Tyburn. Baldwin contributed four tales to the first edition. He wrote of: "Richard, Earl of Cambridge, being put to death at Southampton"; "How Thomas Montague, Earl of Salisbury, in the Midst of his Glory was by chance slain by a piece of Ordnance"; the tale of "William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, being punished for abusing his king and causing the destruction of the Good Duke Humphrey"; and finally "The Story of Jack Cade naming himself Mortimer, and his Rebelling

against the King." The first edition also contained the tragedies of Richard II, Owen Glendower, Henry VI, Clarence and Edward IV (to mention only a few). By the time the book was published, Baldwin had been "called to other trades of life". He had, in fact, become a minister and schoolmaster. It was left to other editors to continue his work in later editions: it was not until 1610 that the complete scheme of the work was finished.

Baldwin wrote a few more works before his death: among them a tract (1560) on *The funeralles of King Edward the sixth: wherein are declared the causes and causers of his death*, and *The Ship of Safeguards*, a lost work which was published in 1569. The date of his death is uncertain. Dimly, across the pages of Burke's *Commoners*, flits the shadow of a William Baldwin who in 1576 was granted the manor and advowson of Kyre Wynard, in Worcestershire, under the name of William Baldwin of Diddlebury, gentleman. But there seems no way of finding out whether this was in fact the author of "A Mirror".

Critically, the history of Baldwin's book is curiously uneven. The contemporary critic Jasper Heywood proclaimed "eternal fame" for Baldwin as soon as the book was published (in the prefatory verses to "Thyestes", 1560). Sidney praised the book for being "meetly furnished of beautiful parts." Hake, in 1588, wrote that it was "penned by the choicest learned wits, which, for the stately proportioned vein of the heroic style, and good meetly proportion of verse, may challenge the best of Lydgate, and all our late rhymers." But soon the tables turned. Joseph Hall spoke sneeringly of its "branded whining ghosts", and Chapman (in "May Day", 1611) made fun of Lorenzo as "an old Senator, one that has read Marcus Aurelius, 'Gesta Romanorum', 'Mirror of Magistrates', etc."

In the eighteenth century the book was brought before the public again in Mrs. Cooper's "Muses Library"—mainly because of Sackville's "Induction", which remains, indeed, an enormously cultivated and beautiful piece of work. It was the general opinion of many of his contemporaries that if Sackville had devoted to poetry the time he gave to politics, he would have been among the great names of English literature. Spenser wrote of Sackville's "golden verse, worthy immortal fame," his "loftie numbers and heroicke stile." And Pope, later, singled him out for special praise as possessing "a propriety in sentiments, a dignity in the sentences, an unaffected perspicuity of style, and an easy flow of numbers; in a word, that chastity, correctness, and gravity of style which are so essential to tragedy; and which all the tragic poets who followed, not excepting Shakespeare himself, either little understood or perpetually neglected."

For Sackville's "Induction" alone, *A Mirror for Magistrates* deserves to be read—deserves even, one might say, a fresh edition (the last edition, in three volumes, was of 1815, giving the text of 1587). It has, as Dr. Cunliffe has said, "an impassioned dignity and grave majesty which are all its own." Let Sackville, finally, set out the journey on which "A Mirror" takes us:

I shall thee guide first to the grisly lake,
And thence until the blissful place of rest,

Where thou shalt see, and hear, the plaint they make
 That whilom here bare swing among the best:
 This shalt thou see: but great is the unrest
 That thou must bide, before thou canst attain
 Until the dreadful place where these remain.

The work not only of this poet, but of the compiler of the book, certainly deserves remembrance in 1960.

DEREK PARKER

THE MOST WONDERFUL INSECT IN THE WORLD

THE fruit fly or vinegar fly, *Drosophila melanogaster*, is an insignificant two-winged insect with a wing span of about four millimeters. Yet no other creature in the world has had so great an influence on the health and happiness of mankind. This fly is the keystone that supports the edifice of genetics, that branch of biology which deals with heredity. Most of the teeming hordes of the insect world have little influence upon man and his works. A few species, the locust, the tse-tse fly, the house fly and the mosquito are his enemies, bringing destruction and death. Other species may be pests to crops. Only one or two species of insects, the honey bee, the cochineal insect and some of the predators, may be classed as his friends. The *Drosophila* fly has helped man to knowledge of himself and his destiny.

Genetics as a science is little more than 50 years old and the pioneer workers suffered from lack of funds and lack of space. Much of the early work was with plants, and in order to deal with the numbers necessary a large area of land was required for cultivation. Then time became an important factor, for many months must elapse between the sowing of seed and the reaping of the harvest. It was realized from the beginning that knowledge of heredity would be of vital importance to humanity, but human beings are usually unwilling to offer themselves for biological experiments. So the geneticists began to work with domestic poultry and with rabbits, rats, mice and guinea pigs. All these creatures breed freely and are subject to variation, and much valuable work was done with them. Even so, time was lost waiting for eggs to hatch and young to arrive and the biologists looked around for a creature that would enable their work to be speeded up.

The answer was the *Drosophila* fly. It had everything that the investigators required. It was subject to variation, it produced 25 or more generations in a year, it had a progeny of three to four hundred and it was cheap and easy to rear. All that was necessary was to imprison a male and a female fly in a milk bottle with a piece of banana and in about 14 days the bottle contained the first generation of several hundred flies. Obviously, it became possible to breed many thousands of flies on a small laboratory table and to study many successive generations in the course of a year. Further, the construction of its cells is simple, so that it is easier

to study the mysterious factors of heredity known as "genes". Unlike many insects, the *Drosophila* fly is active all the year round, so that the observer suffers no long delays due to winter sleep. A student working on it may in two years cover 50 or more generations. It would take decades to study 50 generations of rabbits and almost two thousand years to study 50 generations of man. Finally biologists are convinced that facts proved to be true about the fly and the laws of inheritance are equally true for the higher animals including man himself. So it would be unwise to assume that the hundreds of workers who have spent half a century peering down their microscopes at this insignificant little fly have been wasting their time. It is better to learn something of their work and it is most important that we listen to their warnings.

One of the leading workers in the study of *Drosophila* was Professor Thomas Hunt Morgan, of Columbia University. More than 15 million of the flies passed under the microscopes of Morgan and his army of assistants, every one being carefully recorded. The amount of book keeping involved must have been a colossal task in itself. More was learned about this tiny fly than about any other living creature in the world. The genes that determine heredity are carried on rod-like structures known as chromosomes, structures so small that they are revealed only by the highest powers of the microscope. Morgan has produced a map of the chromosomes of the fly, on which he has pin-pointed more than four hundred of the vital hereditary factors. The map indicates the units that determine whether the fly shall be male or female, whether the body shall be yellow or grey or black, whether the wings will be normal or reduced to mere fragments, whether the eyes shall be white or red. Professor Morgan was awarded the Nobel prize in 1934 for his work on the *Drosophila* fly and heredity.

One of the problems facing the breeder of livestock is that of inbreeding. Although inbreeding tends to produce larger and more vigorous animals than those that are not inbred, a good deal of prejudice has existed against this practice. It has been generally believed that inbreeding diminishes fertility. Professor W. E. Castle made experiments along these lines, inbreeding 59 generations of the *Drosophila* fly and proving conclusively that fertility was not reduced at all.

The *Drosophila* fly has been the subject of many experiments to test the relation between long life and temperature. It was found that the life span of the fly at 30 degrees Centigrade was 21 days. By reducing the temperature to 15 degrees Centigrade the life span was increased to 124 days. Female flies were allowed to lay eggs and were then transferred to the lower temperature. The young developed at the higher temperature, so female flies were living at the same time as their great-great-grandchildren, a state of affairs extremely unusual in the insect world.

It sometimes happens that investigations into chromosomes and genes have revealed changes or deviations from the normal. It was also found that these changes or "mutations" are inherited and passed on from generation to generation. Although these mutations are rare, occurring

perhaps once in many thousands, they are of great importance, because these mutations influence the changes in a race and the development of new species. Once again *Drosophila* has provided the material for the study of mutations, for on rare occasions, among thousands of normal flies, an oddity will appear. Sometimes the same mutation will appear in stocks of unrelated flies. In some instances the *Drosophila* flies have not responded to outside influences. An attempt was made to impose a mutation by breeding 70 generations of the flies in complete darkness. The experiment failed, for there was no difference in the reaction to light of offspring bred in darkness compared with those bred in normal light. Some of the mutations produced are truly astonishing. The flies have been bred with vestigial wings, with 12 legs, without antennae, and without eyes. Some of the most astonishing results have been achieved by the use of X-rays and the most outstanding worker in this field was Dr. Herman J. Muller, of the University of Texas. Muller was an associate of Professor Morgan in his work on *Drosophila* and later broke away from him to carry out distinguished work on his own account. When the Fifth International Congress of Genetics met in Berlin in 1927, Muller read a paper relating to his work on the effect of X-rays on the *Drosophila* fly. It was the beginning of a new era in genetics, for the next 20 years revealed that X-rays would produce mutations in all forms of life, from flies to the higher mammals. Dr. Muller received the Nobel prize in 1946 for his work on X-rays and the *Drosophila* fly.

What is the effect of exposing a living creature to radiation? Ionizing radiations—so called because they produce electrically charged particles or ions on their passage through matter—are produced by X-rays, by nuclear fission and by the radioactive “fall out” of atomic and H-bombs. Obviously, most of our knowledge of the subject comes from experiments with X-rays. The *Drosophila* fly was able to resist a bombardment by X-rays that was sufficient to kill a mouse. Some of the flies and many other creatures became sterile as the result of radiation. By adjusting the wave-length Muller found that many flies exposed to the rays were apparently unaffected, but some amazing mutations turned up in their offspring. Flies were produced with white eyes instead of the usual red, with reduced wings, with forked bristles. Further, these mutations bred true in succeeding generations.

So we may perhaps decide that the scientists who have spent the last half-century studying the genetics of 50 million flies have not wasted their time. At the moment we do not know the full effects of atomic radiation and we are uncertain what results its use may have on future generations. Conferences are being held and experts interviewed, but the ordinary man is still unaware of what the implications of this new and frightening power may be. The unwise use of atomic energy can only speed up the number of mutations and it must be emphasized that most mutations are harmful. The wise use of this power can enrich man's life beyond his wildest dreams. Perhaps the *Drosophila* fly can point the way in this direction, too.

CARTWRIGHT TIMMS

SMILING DENMARK

THIS small country is both an integral part of and a gateway to Scandinavia. It is of geo-political importance because it divides the Baltic from the North Sea; of historical importance because it used to be the springboard for raiders, warriors, dynasty makers and (*sit venia verbo*) barbarian civilizers. On a less lofty plane her *snaps* can easily compete with the Russian *vodka*, and many a breakfast table, particularly in England, would be much poorer without the Danish farmer. Nor is that all. Denmark has the largest *cigarillos* factory in Europe (in Aalborg), the best beer on the good side of the Iron Curtain, outstanding silver ware, china, furniture and other articles, in which good taste in applied arts comes into its own, and—perhaps most striking of all—a people who need not be exhorted to keep smiling because they smile naturally. Denmark is fairy tale country—not surprisingly, for it is the land of Hans Christian Andersen—and at the same time it has produced a Soeren Kierkegaard (incidentally, Jean-Paul Sartre's literary ancestor).

Why, for the traveller from England, should Denmark begin at Harwich? It is there that he puts his foot on "Danish soil"—a ship of the United Steamship Company—and at that very moment he starts enjoying life. Leaving behind him the hard school of British service and catering, he happily submits to the impact of comfort, efficient service, food which would satisfy Epicurus himself and drinks cheaper than cups of tea. If he has any regret, it is only that the voyage to Esbjerg, on Jutland's west coast, lasts barely 20 hours. Once in Jutland—the peninsula which points northward—there is no time for reflection, for there are new experiences. True, Denmark is no Switzerland, no Italy, no Canary Islands; absent are high mountains, large rivers, bad plumbing, cosy dirt. But, looking through the windows of the comfortable old train coaches, one is captured by the countryside. Denmark—the country of the smiling people—is also the land of the smiling landscape. There is great beauty of a quiet order and captivating charm in these slightly monotonous tracks. Was this once really the Viking country? Today, it is "The Land of Smiles", with an underlying melody of its own, not by Lehar.

Although the country is small, there are several Denmarks. One is Jutland, Denmark of the mainland; another is the 500 islands, situated for the most part to the east of Jutland (about a hundred of them are inhabited), but so close to the mainland that they can be reached either by bridges or by train-carrying ferries. The two largest islands are Fynen—with Odense, Andersen's birth town—and Zealand, with wonderful Copenhagen on the east coast. Fancy choosing for the capital a place on the periphery of the country! But then Copenhagen is more than the capital of Denmark only: it is, unofficially, the capital of all Scandinavia, a starting point for Stockholm, Oslo and Helsinki, and, in a way, of Northern Europe altogether. Every fourth Dane lives in Copenhagen, the population of the country being 4,500,000 and that of the capital a million and a quarter.

Serene Denmark is a land of paradoxes. There are no large rivers, and

only a few small ones for that matter, but—owing to numerous lakes—the country is a paradise for the fresh water fisherman, as it is, of course, for the sea angler. A fishing holiday somewhere off the beaten track is just what Isaac Walton would have ordered. The leading brewery's sidelines are the erection of artistically designed buildings and the patronage of charities and art. The Northern town of Aalborg, which used, in the olden days, to "export" Cimbri and Teutons—their forays were destructive—now exports cement, which builds. There are more storks in Denmark than in any other western country—why then is the population less than five million?

Denmark number three—more distant—consists of the Faeroes in the north of the North Sea; and number four is Greenland, the largest island in the world. Finally Denmark number five is Bornholm, in the Baltic, to the east of Copenhagen. The Russians coveted it very much at the end of the last war—luckily it remained Danish. Iceland used to be a Danish possession, but is now independent. Sweden and Norway were—after the Union of Kalmar, 1397—under Danish domination; so was, for a time, Hamburg. The Norsemen who colonized Normandy came from Denmark. And so, an Englishman visiting Denmark repays part of the debt which his country owes to William the Conqueror, whose ancestors were Danish Norsemen. The Roman Pliny knew of Denmark; he spoke of her—and of Sweden—as of Skandiai. The Royal House of Norway is of Danish extraction and the Royal House of Denmark itself is related to many European sovereigns, including those of Britain and Greece.

Denmark is a northern country, but the climate is mild, with only slightly colder winters than in Britain and slightly warmer summers. It is warmer in the Danish off-coast islands than in Jutland. This climate suits well the fair-haired, blue-eyed people of middle stature who used to be so war-loving in the Middle Ages, but in modern times prefer the middle road to happiness. Still, Denmark is a member of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, and owing to Denmark's geographical position this is of no mean importance to the western world. The conquering spirit is still there, but it manifests itself peacefully. Smorrebrod, that fantastic cold table, with its open sandwiches (some restaurants serve more than a hundred varieties) must have been invented on some gastronomical Olympus—or shall we say Valhalla? But it is not only material things in which the Danes excel. Their ballet belongs to the best in the world and their theatres are of high standing. Love of music is deeply ingrained, as is proved by the excavations of *lurs*, 3,000-year-old musical instruments which can be played to this day and—as the poet says—"loudly and proudly". *Lurs*, incidentally, is the trade mark of high quality Danish agricultural produce.

Hospitality and generosity are typical of the Danes; and so are their gaiety and good temper. There is an element of "happy-go-lucky" in their outlook and I was told that the average standard of life of the country is the second highest in Europe, after Switzerland; I was also told that the country cannot really afford this, but there it is . . . The Danes differ in some respects from their brother Scandinavians—the amiable Norwegians

and the aloof Swedes—just as they differ from the British people whom, however, they consider their nearest relations in the ways of life. Surprisingly, some modern one-family houses in North Jutland are built without doors or windows in the wall facing the road; the entrance is from the other side, but we are told that clever architectural design allows for abundant sunlight in the house, despite the blindness of the front wall. If this is an attempt to enhance privacy then it is easily defeated by the urge of hospitality.

A national characteristic of the Danes is their intense but wholly unaggressive pride. They are proud of their ancient monarchy, their constitution, their Coalition Government; of their writers, sculptors, art designers; of their dreamy little towns and their luxurious ferries to the islands; of their attractive women—and their tasty butter; of Elsinore which inspired Shakespeare—and their bacon, supposed to be the best in the world; of their television service, with a special programme by young people for young people—the first of its kind; of their stormy past and the unassuming present. They have good reason to be proud. **And the landscape smiles**—perhaps because it is proud, too: proud of being inhabited by such unspoilt, gifted and good-natured people.

SIMON WOLF

GO TO MOROCCO

FROM the time of Cromer, and indeed from when the Suez Canal was opened 90 years' ago, the enterprising traveller who wanted a taste of Africa or Islam with his sunshine went to Egypt. He had the Nile, the Pyramids, the palaces of Luxor (whose very name mean palaces), he had Karnak and the tombs and mummies, and Cairo the magnificent—then as now the most populous and splendid of all the cities of Islam. But though Cairo under Nasser is booming as never before, builds new hotels and soon has them crowded, the French and English, since the disastrous blunder of Suez, have little zest in exploring the country their genius did so much to form in the modern world. But to get the tang of Africa, to be steeped in the brilliance of its sun, to meet the romance of Islam not lost by its impact with modernity, and to watch from close at hand the transformations and complications which come over all the Bandung countries as they awake to make their own choices and run their own affairs in the revolutions and pressures of the day—all this craving and curiosity is still with us. We can slake it by going to a country much nearer and more picturesque than Egypt and at the present time as significant as it is captivating.

Morocco can give us the best drives and the most arresting beauty in all Africa. It is a country of splendid old cities, of wild sweeps of plain and hill, of a long coastline taking us down at Agadir to the latitude of Miami, and scattered through it in appropriate places are hotels run

excellently in the French style, and inhabited by a people—more Berber than Arab—still living much as those on the southern shores of the Mediterranean lived in the time of Moses, who at the same time have met and assimilated the culture and inventions of Europe. It shares in that impulse of modernness which stirs youth from Ispahan to Accra. It, alone in the world with Britain, surrounds its sovereign with sumptuous ceremonial; and yet it is much further advanced in trade unionism than anywhere else in Africa. Its men are described by the Frenchman who best understood them as rivalling Europeans in hospitality, courtesy and courage. All this is to be found within about two hours' sail from Gibraltar for a ticket which costs even by air not more than £50 there and back.

Fifty years ago, when the rich and fashionable went to Egypt, a trip to Morocco was more of an enterprise than any which Gertrude Bell then had the hardihood to make among the Syrians governed by the Turks. In Morocco there were no ports, no trains, no bridges, no roads, no guidebook and very few hotels, except in Tangier, and even there people did not get beyond the walls after nightfall. If they rode out further, then, like *The Times* correspondent Harris or Qaid Sir Harry Maclean who commanded the Sultan's army, they might well be captured by the handsome brigand Raisuli, who was a scion of the Prophet, and who was not disposed to give up his hostages for much less than £15,000. If you wanted to go beyond Tangier you went with a cavalcade and camped, hoping that there would be no freshet in the rivers to make their fords impassable for days at a time. You joined in spirit with the Berber or the Bedouin whose possessions were ever in his sight: a camel or two, a few goats and sheep, a tent woven from the wool and furnished only with a few rugs and cushions, made also from the wool. The sheep provided him with house, furniture, food, clothes and sacrifice. Though the greeting given was *Salaam Aleikum*—peace be unto you—this was not a people of peace. It was a land of public oppression and personal animosities. The Berber distrusted the Arab. Tribe engaged with tribe, village against village. "As of old," said Bensusan, the Englishman and Jew who delighted to travel there at the time, "the Qaids are concerned only with filling their pockets: the villagers when not fighting are equally engrossed in saving some small portion of their earnings and taking advantage of the Central Government's inability to collect taxes. They all know that their land is in confusion and that the Europeans at the Court are intriguing against its independence. In camp and market-place men spread the news of the French advance from the East."

Such, as we hear also from Harris as well as from diplomats Drummond-Hay and Sir Arthur Nicolson, was Morocco. Then with Lyautey came the day when the great change began, when order, unity and traffic spread through the country. With admirable speed and quality came roads, railways, bridges, ports, post, telegraph and electricity, the thorough cultivation of large tracts of land, the administration of justice, order and peace. Among the Moors who saw what he did in 13 years gratitude was deep and enthusiastic. When Bensusan left Morocco he wrote: "I recalled

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my glimpses of the Arabs who live in Algeria and Tunisia, and even Egypt under European rule, and thought of the servility and dependence of the lower classes and the gross unintelligent lives of the rest. Morocco alone had held out against Europe." There has been a tendency to assume that the old war-torn Morocco before the Protectorate was a paradise, but now nobody wants it back. No greater mistake could be made than to think that in the Arab world the picturesque past is treasured while the impacts of America and Europe are disdained. Already 20 years ago the Bedouins of the desert, wherever they could afford it, had exchanged the camel for the car; camels are as rare in Mecca as pony carts in Melbourne. Nor will you see many in Morocco. On the contrary the people crowd into excellent buses running over excellent roads. And even between Marrakesh and Fez, where the C.T.M. company has no service, there are the swift, smooth cars of the Nord-Sud Rapide. Comparatively few people travel in the excellent trains because they are rarer and costlier. There is much to be said for seeing the country by bus because first one travels among the people who are often handsome and habitually courteous, and secondly because a bus sets one higher than a car to enjoy the view. And what a succession of views the roads offer! Starting from the north one enjoys the heights first of the Rif and then in the distance the Middle Atlas. Between Rabat and Casablanca stretches of beautiful cultivated land near the Atlantic are freshened by its breezes. Between Mogador and Agadir are the hills where the Haha live, and from the heights of these it is a glance down to breaking waves or upward to the snow of the High Atlas. This great Sierra, higher by more than 2,000 feet than the peaks of the Sierra Nevada, can be crossed from Tarudant by the Tizn i Test. This leads down through Oberland scenes to the rich plain which stretches round the red walls and palm groves of Marrakesh, whose glory is to combine with palm and peak the finest minaret of Africa. Or again the mountains can be crossed when one goes on from Marrakesh towards the Sahara over the Tizn i Tishka. Each of these passes come to something like 7,000 feet. A fall of snow at certain seasons can block them, but both lead from Marrakesh towards haunts of the sun; the one to the walled city of Tarudant—the Carcassonne of Morocco—the other to the most delightful oasis with an hotel superbly run. This is the Gite d'Etape at the oasis which the French have spelt as Quarazate, but which is really Warz-zat, just as Ouezzane is really Wazan, where a British lady lived as wife of the ruling Sharif and wrote her memoirs.

The Bandung countries give us what the English-speaking world offers less and less—servants with all that they imply of cooking, courtesy and welcome. Morocco is in that a gratifying contrast to a land equally favoured in spaces, scenes and climate, New Zealand. And what a relief for a motorist to get away from the parade of cars and the molested peace of the night! There are no crowded roads in Morocco, nothing more disturbing at night than the occasional cry of the jackal or the barking of village dogs at the moon. Even in the most modern cities one moves with ease and nearly always in sunshine, though Tangier is at the corner which

the Mediterranean makes with the Atlantic, and has a climate less warm than that of the French Riviera, whether in winter or summer. Lyautey said of Morocco that it is a cold country with a hot sun; but that applies rather to the parts on high ground away from the sea. Morocco by the sea is a synthesis of earth, water and light. Down the hundreds of miles of its long coast the setting sun pours its blaze over the Atlantic, while air and water alike are glorified by the splendour of suffusing clouds, beneath which the breakers spread their foam over sand and rock. And although in places the soil is so fertile that the plains bear four harvests in a year, and sometimes the road is perfumed for miles by the scent from orange blossom in groves nobly ordered, close beside these are fields that seem nothing but pebble and rock with nothing for sheep to browse. Still in the wide stretches of the country that extend from the roads over plain and hill one finds in the conical huts of the *douars* the dream and reverie inspired by bright sunshine and moonlight shining on flocks and herds in endless space. Still in mountain and desert are crowds living as they have always done, but moving among them are always those—and they are mostly young—who have learned French and go off to traffic in the cities or sleep in the new huge towns made of reeds and cans—*les bidonvilles*—which they prefer to the airless and crowded rooms of the walled old city, the *medina*. Half the population of North Africa is under 21 and, as everywhere, the young prefer the roar of the factory, the lift climbing the skyscraper, the press of business, the dense crowds gathering, the machine at work in the mine, the buzz of traffic. From a childhood lived on the savours of charcoal, burnt dung, mint, cummin and coffee, they move to an adolescence flavoured by petrol and *mazout* with the zest imparted by coca-cola. The period of French colonization has given way to a successful independence rivalling that of Ghana. But the calming virtues of mint tea on which people used to thrive for whole days are being replaced by the new stress of pepsicolonization. The boy of today has discarded the *jellaba* which enfolded him like a nightgown and taken to blue jeans. In Morocco the East is becoming the West, and no small part of its fascination is the opportunity it offers them to meet and know each other.

ROBERT SENCOURT

THE ETON COLLEGE PORTRAITS

"MAY the pictures he acquired be a consolation for the colonies he lost," wrote Francis Henry Taylor, director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, with reference to George III*. It was the fate of this monarch to redress some of the harm done in England to the arts through the execution of Charles I and the violent temper of early Puritanism in general. The contemporary artist, however, still had good

* *The Taste of Angels*, New York, 1949.

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reason to complain, and did complain. Hogarth wrote: "Who can be expected to give 40 guineas for a modern landscape, though in ever so superior a style, when he can purchase one which, for little more than double the sum named, is warranted original by a solemn-faced connoisseur?" Indeed, connoisseurship and encouragement of contemporary arts can be two different matters, and the fashionable enthusiasm of the eighteenth century gentleman for architecture, painting and sculpture was directed to Italian works of art of the past rather than to English art of the day. Only one kind of picture could not be acquired either in sales or from dealers—the buyer's own portrait or the portraits of his relations. It was in the field of portraiture that the English painter got his chance in the new age of patronage under George III. And it was in this period that a new collection of portraits was initiated at Eton College.

Between the years 1754 and 1781 Dr. Edward Barnard was first Headmaster and later Provost at Eton. Under him the number of boys rose steeply, the cultivation of the classics flowered, and a leaving-custom was established which deserves the gratitude of art lovers of all times. In lieu of the traditional handful of guineas placed discreetly on the edge of the headmaster's desk when bidding him goodbye, the pupil was now offered the more gracious alternative of expressing his appreciation of the help received throughout the years in school by presenting his portrait. As Dr. Barnard's idea coincided with the finest epoch of British portraiture a unique collection of nearly 200 paintings of excellent quality resulted, which adorn the walls of the battlemented Lodge of the Provost of Eton. It is an intensely interesting set of pictures distinguished, as it is, on two counts: by the brush of illustrious artists and the fame attaching to the names of many of the sitters. Those Eton boys, and especially its sixth-formers, were of the élite of the country—dukes', earls' and marquesses' sons, Prime Ministers and empire builders to be, youth destined to excel in scholarship and statesmanship, as generals or poets.

In his book *The Art of Painting*, Jonathan Richardson, the early eighteenth century expert, wrote with enviable self-confidence that "when Vandyke came hither, he brought face-paintings to us; ever since which time (that is above fourscore years) England has excelled all the world in that great branch of art; and being well stored with the works of the great masters, whether paintings or drawings, as well as with the greatest encouragement, this may justly be esteemed as a complete and best school of face-painting now in the world." Opposed to this statement was the opinion held by Abbé le Blanc, an observant Frenchman who knew England in the 'thirties and early 'forties of the century, and who denied the very existence of any distinguished school of painting. W. T. Whitley in his *Artists and their Friends in England* has recorded le Blanc's dictum that English artists practise their art merely as a money making trade and that "at a distance one would take a dozen of their paintings for 12 copies of the same original," all showing the same neck, the same arms, the same colouring and the same attitude, and all being void of life, action and pattern. Le Blanc even refused to be impressed with the fame of Kneller

(the anglicized German artist Gottfried Kneller), though in England no meaner critic than Pope found Kneller worthy of a comparison with Raphael. When Richardson and le Blanc wrote about portrait painting in England, one extolling and the other condemning it, the artists who were truly to establish the fame of British portraiture were either children or not yet born. Yet in 1754, when Dr. Barnard instituted the custom of the school-leaving portrait at Eton, Reynolds was 31 and Gainsborough 27; and, since the custom outlasted the originator's tenure of office and was superseded only in 1861 by the prosaic measure of a capitation fee, the collection was enriched by works of Beechey, Hoppner and Lawrence. In one of his written harangues Hogarth sought to explain that the mainspring of English portraiture was the English vice that combined selfishness with vanity. "Portrait painting, therefore, ever has, and ever will succeed in this country better than in any other. The demand will be as constant as new faces arise . . ." It was one of the prejudices of the period to consider a portrait as inferior to a picture representing a scene from history, mythology or poetry. When Nathaniel Dance, one of the artists who contributed to the Eton gallery of school-leavers, married a wealthy widow he relinquished the painting of portraits in favour of landscapes and was even anxious to destroy his former work. He apparently felt that he owed this to his new station in life, since "fortune had made him a gentleman," to use the phrase of a contemporary writer.

The portrait of the Hon. Henry Howard, by the Scottish artist Alan Ramsay, is considered as the earliest piece in the series. Born in 1739, Howard succeeded at an early age his grandfather as Twelfth Earl of Suffolk and Fifth Earl of Berkshire, but otherwise apparently remained for his lifetime content with having held as an adolescent the dignity to which Canning referred by saying that "no one is ever so great a man as when he was a sixth-form boy at Eton." Like most pictures in the collection his portrait measures 30 inches by 25, and presents the sitter as a half-length figure in a decorative white silk dress. Ramsay was well versed in producing decorative pieces, among them many portraits of George III, which were to satisfy the requests of various corporations and transmarine colonies for these "beloved objects".

One of the most important pictures of the earlier period of the collection is that of Charles James Fox, by Reynolds. In contrast to the familiar plump and somewhat dishevelled figure of later years it presents a well-built youth in a neat brownish-red coat who, according to Dr. Lionel Cust (*Eton College Portraits*, London, 1910), sat for his portrait in the course of the years 1762, 1764 and 1765, when the future protagonist of freedom—of American Independence, of the French Revolution, of the abolition of the slave trade—was 13 to 16 years old. The fee paid for the portrait by his father was in keeping with Reynolds' position. While other artists would receive 20 or 30 pounds, Reynolds could command 65 for the original portrait and 50 for a replica that went to Holland House. His work was at the time in extraordinary demand; in 1757 he recorded 677 sittings. As a rule he required three sittings, each lasting an hour and a

half, to paint a face. A few years later he was to become the first President of the newly founded Royal Academy and to be knighted. Devoid of all pose and of the customary draperies, the portrait of the adolescent Fox is possessed of that simplicity and truthfulness which Sir Joshua so greatly admired in ancient art. It is a penetrating character study that corresponds well with a description of Fox in his manhood by Macaulay (*Critical and Historical Essays*, 1877), which ran as follows: "... the massy and thoughtful forehead, the large eyebrows, the full cheek and lip, the expression so singularly compounded of sense, humour, courage, openness, a strong will and a sweet temper . . ."

Among the earlier portraits of the Eton College collection is the picture of Charles Manners, Marquess of Granby, by Gainsborough, who as a sixth-former was the Captain of the Oppidans and later became Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. The portrait shows him in a Vandyck dress of blue silk with lace collar and against a background of a delicately painted open-air vista. The portrait of the Earl of Dalkeith, by William Beechey, which was executed for a fee of ten pounds in the year 1789 shows the young man in a fanciful costume connected with the festival known as "Montem". At this annual feast, which was later discontinued, money (referred to as "salt") was collected for the school captain leaving Eton for King's College, Cambridge. Though inferior to Hoppner and Lawrence, Beechey enjoyed the favour of George III and was after Reynolds the next artist to be knighted—under circumstances which the reader interested in the gossip of the period may like to peruse in the second volume of Whitley's *Artists and their Friends*.

Samuel Whitebread's portrait, by Romney, apart from being a fine picture, presents an interesting historical document. Samuel, who later distinguished himself as an orator in the House of Commons, was the son of a brewer and his presence at Eton in the second half of the eighteenth century gave evidence of the rising tide of the industrial middle-classes. Nevertheless he wore a powdered wig with a queue, without which no gentleman's appearance would be complete. When the shortage of food in England in 1795 led to bread riots, the Government decided to economize in flour by limiting its use as hair powder. Sir Thomas Lawrence's likeness of Hart Davis and Hoppner's portrait of the Hon. Charles Pelham take us to the days of a more bourgeois costume and temper, to a generation which later witnessed the Reform Bill and the extension of the franchise to the middle classes.

In later years the quality of the school-leavers' portraits deteriorated and the rising fees of artists had a limiting effect on the number of portraits left by Eton scholars. Among the later artists represented in the collection are Harlow and Hayter, and Margaret Carpenter, as the only woman painter; in 1868 the series reached its end. A new age was assuming stature; the newly introduced capitation fee foreshadowed ways of life based on an equalitarian principle, and people may have begun to feel in closer communion with the present than with the past and may have lost something of the previous urge to account of themselves before posterity. Some

of the portraits of the school-leavers of Eton are important creations of British eighteenth century painting, of a portraiture which consciously strove to bring to the fore the best points in a human appearance, the harmony between features, an orchestrated rhythm in gestures as well as in colours; to evoke the presence of a noble mind, and, as Sir Joshua Reynolds said in one of his Discourses, "to affect the imagination by means of association of ideas."

ALMA S. WITTLIN

SIMENON AND CHANDLER

THE detective stories of Raymond Chandler, and to an even greater extent of Georges Simenon, have a serious purpose and a relationship to life which raises them to the status of works of fiction that may be judged as literature. The pleasure we get from them is aesthetic as well as intellectual; or just sensational. They illumine life. They do not just kill time. Simenon and Chandler are therefore two of the rare examples among writers of detective stories who figure, I think deservedly, in studies of contemporary literature. Each has his own very distinctive style and creates his own typical and self-sufficient world. In evaluating the authors it will repay us to analyse these worlds. They are related to real life—as all imaginative creation to have any validity must be—yet they bear unmistakably the stamp of their creators. The people in them, as in so few other detective stories, are not just cyphers. We read them with enjoyment as superior whodunits. They are also novels not without significance for our distracted times.

In the creation of character, Simenon's Maigret novels are far superior to those of Chandler, the case-books of Philip Marlowe. Simenon brings before us in a seemingly endless procession living beings high and low, rich and poor—but mainly low and poor—who may not always be profoundly realized, but on the surface level, and some way below the surface, are brilliantly observed. His pre-war novels, with their almost stifling evocation of an atmosphere of apathy, cynicism and despair, should have prepared us for the virtual inevitability of the fall of France. There is no greater contrast between these two writers than in respect of their treatment of women. Simenon does not romanticize them, but he recognizes, what Chandler so often seems to forget, that they have hearts as well as curves. Simenon goes in for good-hearted or browned-off trollops and *demi-mondaines* who live fully if not respectably until, as all too often happens, somebody kills them. Chandler's decorative but deadly dames are usually the ones who do the killing, but they themselves are never quite alive. Simenon's dance-hostesses and street-walkers are soiled, sinful and pathetic, often gallant, always shockingly alive. Chandler's dolls come from the toy-shop, just as his guys are headed for the bonfire. His unbridled *femmes fatales*, who are deadly to the male, all run very much to pattern

and are mostly treated with a conspicuous lack of compassion and understanding. He views his tormented nymphomaniacs, so lovely and so lost, not as sick individuals but as emblems of rottenness, symbols of the sickness of society.

Chandler does this deliberately although one may suspect, with the Freudian critics, a Puritanical streak in him that may have something to do with it. In a sense, as one learns from his essay on *The Simple Art of Murder*, he thinks of his detective stories as modern Moralities in which many of the characters merely symbolize the Seven Deadly Sins—and also, no doubt, the countless more venial ones that the flesh is heir to, especially in California. But what he gains on Morality's swings, he loses on *La Ronde*, life's roundabout. Marlowe, his detective, is a real person, but we too often have the impression that he is chasing, or being chased by, shadows. Of course he is always the most important person in his novels. Chandler gives us life seen through a "private eye" whose jobs take him into many strange places. In this respect his *raison d'être* in the drama sometimes seems more plausible than that of Conrad's Marlow. Both, of course, in their very different fashions, fulfil the rôle of Henry James's ideal observer, but they are not detached observers. Chandler's Marlowe, in particular, participates in, and to some extent resolves, the dramatic affairs in which his job and his conscience involve him.

Yet we may sometimes feel that Chandler takes too literally his claim in *The Simple Art of Murder* that the detective is not only the hero but "is everything". It may seem to us sometimes that Marlowe is the only flesh-and-blood person in a world of stereotyped suspects, carbon-copy cops and tycoon-type millionaires. Chandler has a wonderful eye for scenery, evokes the sunlit Californian landscape with brilliant economy, but has nothing like Simenon's sense of smell: for the reek of cheap, stale scent, for example; or of dried sweat on tired, not too clean bodies; or the stench, half nostalgic, half nauseating, wholly compelling, of a busy fishing port with the variegated odours of fuel oil and fish and tar and rope and seaweed and salt water and ozone. Chandler shows us with incisive, selective brilliance the back-drop to his drama, but with Simenon we are there.

Simenon's Inspector Maigret absorbs atmosphere, Chandler's Philip Marlowe punishment, and both a good deal of alcohol. One of the greatest contrasts between the two men is that Marlowe is a lone wolf, a man alone without, to our knowledge, antecedents or family, whereas the Inspector has the *Police Judiciaire* behind him and Mme. Maigret at his side. The faithful Mme. Maigret waits for him, cherishes him and, when he teases her about their courting days, is secretly pleased though shocked to her bourgeois soul. Authentic touches of domesticity bring the Maigrets warmly and vividly to life. If Simenon's "straight" novels are less successful than his Maigret books, as I think they are, it is because they lack the sheet-anchor of normality of the Inspector's bulky person. They become case-histories and their worlds are sick, even mad, with the doctor gone on leave. Marlowe, entering at all hours and alone his deliberately sordid office, has

no such humanizing family ties. Like Hemingway's hero he refuses to get "connected up" for fear that it would destroy his integrity. Will his approaching marriage to Linda Loring do so? Or will it end his increasingly promiscuous behaviour that has in it the seeds of dissolution? Marlowe, though he is shy about it, has a social conscience. But Maigret, though dour as the devil when on the scent, is a sociable fellow.

Simenon and Chandler introduce us to hard but not inhuman worlds. In their writings the detective story comes of age, becomes a novel. And the compassion that warms their plots, compact though these are of brutality and violence, gives them a validity, a true and meaningful relationship to life, that is absent from the empty anger, veiling fear or despair, of our contemporary Teddy Boys' tales. Simenon is not just a camera, in Christopher Isherwood's misleading phrase—no novelist ever is—but at times he reminds us of a photographer, brilliantly composing his pictures, giving us without distortion "exposures" of life as it really is. Chandler's Marlowe is a modern Everyman though at times, like all the other tough guys, he betrays a soft centre of sentimentality. It is fashionable to take neither Simenon nor Chandler seriously as novelists because of their popular appeal. André Gide disagreed in the case of Simenon, and to Miss Elizabeth Bowen, Chandler is a significant figure on the American literary scene. Perhaps they are right and the ivory tower critics, influenced in their judgments by cultural *snobisme*, are wrong. It is true that the "pulp" magazines sell in their tens of thousands. It is no less true that Homer, Shakespeare, the greatest classics, have a universal appeal. To equate high sales with low literary value is absurd.

LUKE PARSONS

THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET

This basket woven by loving hands
Is at my service now and always
Like her who made it, at my side
To tidy up the mess I've made
Trying to be a strong lone man,
Living a life with little help
To tide me over the difficult places.

But there! I have ript my papers up
And thrown my pride down. All I ask is
Her love and God's and grace to accept them.
There in the litter basket lie
Shreds of myself I need not regret,
A sullied flower and some torn up poems.

JOHN BARRON MAYS

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

BRITAIN IN AFRICA

About a quarter of Livingstone's ministry in Africa was spent in or around southern Bechuanaland, yet how little about that period of his life is known. That he was mauled by a lion, married Mary Moffat, converted Setshele, chief of the Bakwena, had differences with the Boers, and that his mission at Kolobeng was wrecked during a Boer raid on Setshele's town of Dimawe, so much we know from his own and one or two other published works and from some official records. Of his inner life, his mental and spiritual development during this period when, it must be supposed, he was fitting himself for his later career of devotion and self-sacrifice, of his day-to-day activities on the various mission stations where he served, our knowledge is incomplete and unsatisfactory. The first volume of the letters now published goes a long way to fill this gap. It covers the period 1841-48, that is to say, the first and less well documented period of Livingstone's life in Africa. The second volume contains letters written between 1849-56. This was the period of the discovery of Lake Ngami and the first great journey, and is, of course, better known.

There are altogether 215 letters in the two volumes and most of them are published for the first time. They comprise all that could be traced of the many letters which Livingstone wrote to his own relations and to his wife's during his first residence in Africa. They cannot be expected to reflect the whole range of his interests and activities, but nevertheless contain much new and important material. His letters to his own kith and kin show him as an affectionate and dutiful son and brother, always mindful of his obligations. It is also evident that he stood somewhat in awe of his mother-in-law, but found Robert Moffat personally and intellectually very congenial. The Moffat letters in particular, very frank, and treating of matters with which the two men were both familiar, are a magnificent source of information about the local tribes, their relations with the Boers and with European hunters and missionaries. They also make it abundantly clear that Livingstone, deeply and sincerely religious as he was, did not practise always tolerance and charity towards his fellow workers. His almost zestful participation in the feuds that too often divided these early missionaries goes far to explain the differences with his European subordinates on the Zambezi expedition some years later.

The letters are splendidly edited by Professor Schapera, whose Introduction and accurate footnotes add greatly to the interest of the publication, and are, in fact, essential for a proper understanding of it. Though in a sense Livingstone is now shown to have been a less saintly character than he appears in earlier biographies—he was too impatient, too rough, sometimes too bitter—his ultimate achievement remains unimpaired. Indeed, his human failings may have contributed towards it and enhanced it. They certainly make him more credible.

A century later, and half a continent away from Livingstone's Bechuanaland, Mr. Coleman gives a very sober and well balanced account of Nigeria's progress toward self-government. He betrays none of the American bias against colonialism and he is reasonably appreciative of the British achievement, though he may not grasp its full magnitude. He places the right valuation on some of the wilder allegations against British policy and action. He may, however, well be right in giving weight to the complaint that the British were inclined to be standoffish towards the educated African and too reluctant to admit him to high office. (On the other hand it must be said that the British administration was of high quality and gave to Nigerians the best Government they had ever had, or for that matter *will* have for a long time.) The results of the omission may be unfortunate, for at present the

country seems to be provided with too few potential administrators and too many politicians. There are also, it seems, other and graver reasons for disquiet. The only basis for unity so far has been the Colonial Government. With the approaching withdrawal of the British, the seeds of separatism are already growing into sturdy plants. But these are conclusions that one reader has drawn from Mr. Coleman's facts and they are nowhere so brashly stated by him. On the contrary, his book is a model of the sober and scholarly approach. His findings are supported by copious and informative notes and by helpful maps and diagrams. The book is to be heartily commended as a serious treatment of one of the most important phenomena of the modern world.

A. SILLERY

David Livingstone, Family Letters 1841-1856, edited with an Introduction by I Schapera. Chatto and Windus. 2 vols. 60s.

Nigeria, Background to Nationalism. By James S. Coleman. University of California Press. 56s. 6d.

THE UNITED NATIONS

The United Nations Organization has come up a bit in the world since it occupied successively the Hunter College (for women) gymnasium in the Bronx, a converted skating rink on Long Island and a deserted gyroscope factory at Lake Success. Its buildings are now second only to those of the Rockefeller Centre in New York as architectural symbols of modernity and power—and, indeed, this is cash more than coincidence since it was John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who bought the present site as a modest \$8½ present for the infant U.N.O. If, in its rise to institutional permanence it has not fulfilled all the wild and pious hopes of 1945, yet it can, as H. G. Nicholas puts it, “exercise a moral pressure that States cannot easily ignore”. While remaining a “voluntary association of independent States” it has created something approaching a “U.N. public opinion” which has itself become a factor in the behaviour of its highly independent member-States.

The Nuffield Reader in the Comparative Study of Institutions at Oxford has, despite such a frightening office, written a book of beautiful clarity and objectivity. The traps of “political science” writing and of “for” or “against” writing on U.N.O. have both been avoided. Here is simply a judicious account of what the United Nations Organization is like and how it works. The time was ripe for such a model treatment of U.N.O. simply as a going concern. A dry, sharp, donnish wit shows that Mr. Nicholas is not easy to please. But if he does not have—as Laski once said of the World Government Movement—“both feet firmly planted in mid-air” neither does he encourage the “ultra-realist”, power-politics view of international relations. The actual working of U.N.O., he shows, is a living refutation of both views. Certainly the power of the Security Council both to protect and to enforce for and against member-States has proved far less than was hoped for in the original Charter. “It is, after all”, says Mr. Nicholas, “neither an executive nor a legislature, but a diplomatic conference in permanent session”. But the benefits of such a conference have been obvious and great. If propaganda more than negotiation has often characterized its wordy sessions, yet the Assembly has furnished an arena of open and demonstrable (if shifting) alliances which must have prevented many errors of judgment on the part of the great Powers. Our Foreign Office must have learned its lesson about under-estimating the U.N. after Suez, and the Russians have at least not walked out again after Korea.

A gradual shift of prestige and volume of business from Security Council to Assembly has taken place. But this is perhaps a welcome acceptance of the fact that U.N.O. can only very rarely make big decisions. The Assembly, however, provides a sounding-board which necessarily restrains and guides the diplomacy of individual nations. The actual votes do not perhaps, Mr. Nicholas shrewdly suggests, matter very much: “The exaggerated concern over block-voting proceeds

from an exaggerated respect for voting as such". One has only to contrast the relative power of the (non-voting) Conservative "1922" Committee in the House of Commons with that of the (voting) Parliamentary Labour Party to take the author's point. Yet, otherwise, there are but few analogies between the style and work of the mother of parliaments and the family of nations. Indeed, Mr. Nicholas suggests that our delegations have been less ready to adapt and thus less effective in the Assembly than we might have expected. The U.N.O. is not a club so much as a stage. To know what can or cannot be put upon this stage, read this book.

BERNARD CRICK

The United Nations as a Political Institution. By H. G. Nicholas. Oxford University Press. 21s.

FRANCE'S PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT

In 1940 Hitler overwhelmed France. Alone Britain fought on. But the U.S.A.? She was not at war, nor involved. When an unknown soldier denied his allegiance and proclaimed that France continued the struggle, she could ignore this Don Quixote. He had no mandate. Whom did he represent? Roosevelt saw France defeated, dismembered, with a puppet Government. As no American interests suffered, it appeared politic to maintain relations with Pétain, and to support de Gaulle would not serve U.S.A. interests. Pearl Harbour brought her into war. It did not imply that she recognized de Gaulle. Gaullism seemed an extension of the *Front Populaire*. Roosevelt and Murphy excluded him from the North African invasion, where American interests were well served by Darlan or Giraud. They could secure essential obedience and America essential ports and railways.

When de Gaulle arrived in Cassablanca, he appeared unsuited to U.S.A. policy. He did not heed the realities of defeat, demanded the French empire's return, and ran counter not only to Roosevelt's and Hull's anti-colonialism but "to Churchill's ambition to extend British hegemony in the Middle East". Roosevelt questioned how France, defeated in five weeks could sustain de Gaulle's claims for her grandeur, while French repression in the Lebanon recalled colonialism at its worst. How could Indo-China be returned? "The country is worse off than it was a hundred years ago". How could de Gaulle, who in three years had only rallied a few hundred men inherit power that had permitted 40 millions to accept defeat? De Gaulle's pretensions confirmed that he planned dictatorship. So profound were the suspicions, that Gaullists were kept uninformed about the Normandy invasion. Roosevelt claimed that on Liberation, France would divide into her latent revolutionary forces and plunge into civil war, Pétainists against Gaullists, like Partisans and Chitniks in Yugoslavia, Elás and Edas in Greece. Above all France must choose her own Government. He mistrusted de Gaulle who seemed dubious on democracy.

Events again falsified calculations. Civil war did not develop. De Gaulle did not establish a dictatorship. His prestige proved the only force that guaranteed order. Stimson, Hull, Murphy now favoured co-operation, while Roosevelt saw the value of settlement with France before party conventions. So in July, 1944, Roosevelt granted de Gaulle *de facto* recognition. He still held that de Gaulle's authority was self-imposed, and that the Provisional Government had no people's authority. Yet recognized or not, de Gaulle was in control. Non-recognition might adversely affect U.S.A. interests. So at last, in October, 1944, Caffery came as ambassador to France. Neither Roosevelt's illness nor de Gaulle's arrogance had facilitated comprehension. Under Truman, Monnet's plan to reconstruct and modernize France ended Franco-American misunderstanding. *The Crucial Years* is a scholarly account of how the U.S.A. was impelled by the compulsion of events and de Gaulle's patriotic intransigence to recognize him as the French Government's head. This book is valuable for its learning and wide documentation, and

to British audiences for expressing views (American) unfettered by European prejudices.

VICTOR COHEN

Charles de Gaulle: The Crucial Years 1943-1944. By Arthur Layton Funk. University of Oklahoma Press. \$5.00.

EAST AND WEST

"In actual fact the English scene," so writes Nirad C. Chaudhuri in his *Passage to England*, "seemed much more romantic to me than all the descriptions of it in poetry", and there appears to be nothing in our poetry or history that has escaped the philosophic attention of this singularly wise Hindu. Never have the BBC and the British Council had a more enlightened guest than this 57-year-old gentleman who, until he came for five weeks to Britain, had never been outside India. He was fortunate enough to land here during the newspaper strike, so that his record—in English as perfect as Joseph Conrad's—is almost exclusively concerned with the people's private life. He declares that English literature is the best guide for foreigners to the English scene, because it is so closely the product of its geographical environment; and he disagrees with the remark of one of his sons—all of whom have been brought up with the capacity of taking the healthy exercise of being disrespectful to their father—that he, the father, had lived too long in the world of books. This book he wrote after returning to India, remembering his emotions in tranquillity. He met a Sikh who had lived many years in England where he was most happy; and it seems that similar stories are reaching the common people of India, so that thousands there and in Pakistan are applying for passports. There is even some business in forged passports; and although these aspirations will undoubtedly increase after the publication of this book, one cannot help hoping that the BBC and the British Council will arrange that this most admirable observer will come here again, as on his recent journey he got no further north than to have a fleeting glance at Birmingham.

Very different, alas, were the Sikhs of the Indian National Army who, after the fall of Singapore, transferred their allegiance to the enemy, so that all officers and other ranks at a prisoners' camp were obliged to salute these renegades. However, Leslie Bell's interesting book contains various satisfactory photographs when the role was reversed and the Japanese and Sikh guards had to prostrate themselves humbly before their erstwhile prisoners. This is the true, incredible story of Doctor Philip Bloom and his American wife who were married during the 70 days' siege of Singapore when, for instance, they had to witness such brutalities as a prisoner being forced to swallow immense quantities of water, after which his stomach was jumped upon. Mrs. Bloom, as editor of the camp newspaper, the weekly *Pow-Wow*, did her utmost to keep up the spirits of the inmates. For example, she offered a prize of five cigarettes (or four caramels, whichever was available at the time) for an original tune and words for a marching song for the women. Did she think, asked the most sympathetic Archdeacon's wife, that as no wine was available for Holy Communion, that a mixture of raspberry jam and water would be acceptable to God?

Further east we are taken to an international Settlement by Miss Mackenzie-Grieve where the threat of violence was endemic, the rapacious war-lords never far away. Here we are brought face to face with Chinese wisdom and Chinese beauty, as well as with their ruthlessness, as when one had to witness the mutilated bodies of impaled girl students being taken away for common burial.

HENRY BAERLEIN

A Passage to England. By Nirad C. Chaudhuri. Macmillan. 18s.

Destined Meeting By Leslie Bell. Odhams. 18s.

A Race of Green Ginger. By Averil Mackenzie-Grieve. Putnam. 21s.

PRINCESS MAY

To those who grew up under the kingship of George V, the public face of his queen was an open and rather dull book. At a time when flatness was all, we regarded the statuesque figure with amused indifference, and the dignity so praised by our parents—embodied in the martial umbrella and enfolding skirts—with something like contempt. Yet the picture changed as she and we grew older; not the silhouetted toque and sensible shoes, nor the poker back and the mask of a smile. The softening was in us, and a triumph for her. Suddenly, as it seemed, she had passed from the status of austere historical institution to a cherished and indeed beloved one.

How is it possible to know the real people behind royal façades, even in these days of uninhibited handshakes and world tourings? Now, six years since death broke down the barrier, Queen Mary has become woman in James Pope-Hennessy's pages. We see what our deepening affection had only sensed before: that her overweening conception of the importance of monarchy was rooted in the simple idea of duty; that her reserve sprang from a lifelong shyness and the *hauteur* from nothing worse than diffidence; that her interest in antique shops was more than a gloss on the routine round of inspections, and that she brought taste and knowledge to a family not conspicuous for either.

It is for his account of her youth, as companion to a spendthrift, unpunctual, high-spirited, enormously fat and charming mother and to a penniless, handsome and unemployed father, that Mr. Pope-Hennessy is most to be thanked. His first 300 pages, so pleasurable, are also full of enlightenment, pointing straight along the road from quiet, self-contained girlhood to the octogenarian who said when Elizabeth II acceded: "Her old Grannie and subject must be the first to kiss her hand." Out of the evil of enforced economy came the good that at sixteen Princess May was banished (by edict of Queen Victoria) with her parents to Florence, of all cities most capable of feeding her hungry mind. While she studied to her heart's content the art and letters of Tuscany, she was learning another lesson, "never to live above one's income", and sympathy for poverty then was the source of much unobtrusive generosity later.

Near-bankruptcy in England was no bar apparently to carefree holidays with Continental relations; there were sight-seeing and theatre excursions, meals in a hotel dining room, freedom for the girl who had been sheltered in Kensington Palace, and all the time she was reading, reading. Tutors took care of her languages but her roamings and revellings in European literature were her own. Hers were durable habits: her 85th year was spent working on her catalogues of "my interesting things", visiting exhibitions—Leonardo da Vinci and Hanoverian silver among them—and the galleries: "on the night before she died she asked to have read to her a book about India", and her last letter discussed the Goya pictures on show at Basle.

She had endured her relatives' husband-hunting on her behalf, had lost her first fiancé and the hopes that had been raised by his proposal, had borne her share of mother-in-law trouble, had found fulfilment with George V who came to love her dearly, had been robbed of stored-up happiness when he and three of her boys died, and had suffered—perhaps the bitterest blow—the abdication of her eldest son. As the descendant of a morganatic marriage, she was not royal enough for her Windsor cousins who always referred to her as "poor May" (with more commonsense Queen Victoria had welcomed the fresher blood). Who shall say, after a study of Mr. Pope-Hennessy's distinguished and enthralling volume, that the steady little beacon of Queen Mary's life and example was less than "royal" in the highest degree?

GRACE BANYARD

Queen Mary. By James Pope-Hennessy. George Allen and Unwin. 42s.

THE CAT-GODDESS

Near the Buckinghamshire border there is a wood known locally as the Dead Cat wood. The name always brought visions of poaching cats strung up in "the game-keeper's larder", until an Egyptologist who visited the neighbourhood suggested the name was another proof of links dating back to the days when the pursuit of metals brought the Egyptians here. This is a fascinating theory even if it is fictitious. In Dorothy Margaret Stuart's absorbing book on cats we learn much about the cult of the cat-goddess of the ancient Egyptians. "Aloof, graceful, of unfailing dignity, with mysterious expanding and contracting eyes, to which the darkness was not dark, she would have been an obvious candidate for deification even among a people less apt to integrate their animals with their gods", writes Miss Stuart. When she states that the cult of the cat-goddess "would last well into the Roman period" it raises a query whether the numberless starved and apparently homeless cats that roam about the ruins of the Forum, in Rome, like the sacred cows in India, can be a pathetic remnant of the one-time worship of the sacred cat. Anyway, present-day owners can proudly tell their cats that they are descended from the Egyptian Goddess, Bast.

Poets through the centuries have made cats the subject of their verse. We find in Sidney's *Arcadia* the praise, of a white cat, vividly described by one of two country yokels discussing the merits of their pets. Thus Nico sings:

I have (and long shall have) a white, great nimble cat,
A king upon a mouse, a strong foe to the rat.
Fine eares, long tail he hath, with Lion's curbed clawe,
Which oft he lifteth up and stayes his lifted pawe.
Deep musing to himsele, which after mewing shoves,
Till with lickt bearde his eye of fire espie his foes.

But in spite of this eulogy Pas will not allow his "pretty curre" to be inferior to a cat. Another poem to a cat comes from the cat-lover Keats in a sonnet which has become a classic. It appeared originally in *The Comic Annual*, and the subject of the sonnet was, we are told, an elderly asthmatic cat, lacking the tip of his tail, and in his day a "bonny fechter":

Cat! who has passed thy grand climacteric,
How many mice and rats hast in thy days
Destroyed? How many tit-bits stolen? Gaze
With those bright, languid segments green, and prick
Those velvet ears . . .

Besides many other poets, from Chaucer onwards, there is Gray who has immortalized Horace Walpole's Selima, drowned in a tub of goldfish.

This book, so entertaining on every page, is the result of wide research and a worthy successor to Miss Stuart's successful *Book of Birds and Beasts*. Her readers who are not cat-lovers will find in this work both literary and historical interest. Here are Celtic and medieval cats, and those described as Tudor and Shakespearean. Among those of the eighteenth century we meet Dr. Johnson's familiar Hodge; and so we are brought through the centuries to Dr. Arundell Esdaile's British Museum cat. Witches and their Familiars are here, too. Indeed, in this "motley pageant of the cat-tribe" as the author modestly calls her work, there can be few cats overlooked. Perhaps more an admirer of cats than a lover, Miss Stuart has taken a delightful objective view of their appearance in the literary, legendary and historical world. Although sympathetic to cats and their admirers, she can watch them with detachment tempered with her usual wit and humour. Some carefully selected illustrations enhance the value of this book.

THEODORA ROSCOE

A Book of Cats, Literary, Legendary and Historical. By Dorothy Margaret Stuart. Methuen. 15s.